

GUILTY LOVERS SUICIDE IN CHICAGO

THE NATIONAL  
**POLICE GAZETTE**  
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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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TENDERLOIN GIRLS MAKE MERRY.

EVICTED FROM THEIR HOMES THEY ENTERTAIN CURIOUS CITIZENS ON THE STREET. NEW YORK.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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### THE BATTLE WILL TAKE PLACE.

Private advices from Jacksonville, Fla., as-  
sure us that there will be no attempt made to  
prevent the Corbett and Mitchell contest taking  
place there. The business men at the head of  
the Duval Athletic Club have visited the Gov-  
ernor and convinced him that there is no inten-  
tion on the part of the organization to violate  
the laws of the State. The meeting between  
the two champions will not be a prize fight, but  
a glove contest, and will be conducted with a  
strict regard to the law regulating such affairs.  
Gov. Mitchell has accepted this view of the  
affair, and, we are informed, has declared that  
he will offer no opposition to the proposed  
contest.

In addition to this, the Common Council of  
Jacksonville will pass an ordinance during the  
course of a few days, legalizing boxing within  
the city limits, and fix the license for such ex-  
hibitions at \$50. This will take the matter en-  
tirely out of the hands of the Governor, should  
he be inclined to interfere, for Jacksonville is  
independent of State interference in local  
affairs. Thus it will be seen that there is not  
the slightest danger of the authorities inter-  
fering with the contest.

The business men of Jacksonville have inter-  
ested themselves in the proposed battle, and it  
is owing to their united efforts that the consti-  
tuted authorities have come to the conclusion  
that Corbett and Mitchell do not intend to vi-  
olate the law. These men are wideawake, and  
see how the contest will benefit the city. It will  
be the means of bringing many thousands of  
dollars into the town and create a boom, such  
as Jacksonville has not enjoyed in many a year.  
From a business and financial standpoint, Jack-  
sonville wants the fight, and is determined to  
have it.

Corbett and Mitchell are preparing for the  
contest, and both are reported to be in excel-  
lent condition up to date.

The battle will take place on schedule time.

## MASKS AND FACES.

### The Danse du Ventre Creates a Storm in New York.

### A LONDON FAVORITE HERE.

### Women in Tights a Charming Adjunct to Old Burlesque.

### VALUE OF VOICE AND LEGS.



away while Florida, the star of the trio of dancers,  
gives her exhibition.

She wears a sleeveless jacket with just a suspicion of  
lace above the armpits, and then there is what is  
known to scholars as an hiatus, between the jacket

HE danse du ventre has  
reached New York at  
last, and has raised  
quite a storm. The  
Oriental Theatre, where  
it is shown is supposed  
to be a reproduction of  
the Cairo street at  
Chicago, but as a matter  
of fact it is altogether  
different.

The theatre is set  
apart by means of  
screens and curtains.  
At the back of the stage  
are the players of East-  
ern instruments, and  
they pick and pound

were whole costumes and tights, and even long siken  
hose in all colors.

All efforts to make the clerks go back to business  
were useless. There was very little business done, in  
fact, until the last girl had shown by empirical mea-  
surement that her own red tights belonged to her.

And then, when everything was accounted for, the  
manager led his phalanx of beauties back to the Ir-  
ving Place Theatre.

Bessie Bellwood, who has long been one of the best  
known stars of the musical halls in London—both on  
account of her ability, as well as on account of her  
various escapades with Lord Mandeville, afterward  
the Duke of Manchester, will shortly make her first  
appearance at Koster & Bial's. She has a great reper-  
toire of songs, nearly all of which are more or less  
popular with Londoners in particular, and English-  
men in general. Probably the best known is "Wot  
cher, Rib," which deals with the adventures of a  
"coster" girl who has flown high enough to aspire to a  
seat in the pit of a London theatre.

To be sure, the majority of her songs contain a great  
deal of English slang, but Miss Bellwood has the fa-  
culty of using it so intelligently that one is not apt to  
be puzzled in regard to its meaning.

Madame Theo, who is synonymous with everything  
that is essentially Parisian and chic, is visiting this  
country as a guest of Maurice Grau and his wife.

"I have to be back at Paris in January," she said to  
me the other day, when I met her in the foyer of the  
Metropolitan Opera House, "as I am to originate the  
principal role in a new opera bouffe that Planquette is

now got a silver tea-set and Miss Reeve a silver toilet-  
set.

I ran across Sadie Martinot a few days ago, busy se-  
lecting material for the new costumes she is to wear in  
"The Voyage of Suzette."

"I shall appear in eight costumes," she said, "and  
my days are spent in superintending the making of  
them. Captain Alfred Thompson has designed the  
plates, but I am given wide latitude in the matter of  
my gowns. I shall be seen in turn as a poor country  
girl, a blushing bride, a prima donna, a peasant, a har-  
lequin, a girl in the circus and the Columbine. In the  
last act I am to sit in a golden chariot and drive four  
milk-white horses.

"The second act of the piece is supposed to be a fancy  
dress ball. I have not decided whether I shall appear  
in it as Diana, as a siren or as Cleopatra. Of course I  
am glad to get back to New York."

I was talking to Henry E. Dixey about burlesque,  
and the clever comedian gave me some interesting  
views on the subject.

"Years ago burlesque, as it is now known," he said,  
"was never seen or understood. In those days it con-  
sisted of a parody on the characters of well-known  
actors or standard plays. The old burlesquers were  
slipshod, and appealed to the humorous risibilities of  
the audience, they would hardly go now.

"The first decided innovation which has resulted in  
the present elaborate burlesque was the introduction  
of shapely women in tights. I can remember what a  
howl went up from narrow-minded people when this  
was first done. The names of these burlesques were  
mentioned in whispers, and busi-  
ness men denied ever having wit-  
nessed them.

"Now," continued Dixey, "the  
public demands variety, and bur-  
lesques are not the only form of  
plays in which the variety artists  
utilized. To put a burlesque on  
properly, nowadays, requires the  
services of many genuine artists.  
For my own part, I should prefer  
the present way, but perhaps had  
I never known anything except the  
old style I should have liked that  
just as well.

"People have eventually discov-  
ered that women in tights were a  
charming adjunct to the old bur-  
lesque, and women began to visit  
theatres, having just as much ca-  
pacity for admiring the shapeliness  
of their sisters as was possessed by  
their male escorts. The old bur-  
lesques were a mass of puns. These  
passed current for wit, and it is  
amusing now to read over the lines,  
and find, on an average, a bad pun  
in every line."

It is not all of the London favor-  
ites who visit this country who are  
fortunate enough to renew here the  
popularity which they have enjoyed  
in England, even in cases where  
they have outlived their usefulness  
in London.

It generally takes at least a decade  
for an artist to acquire an enduring  
reputation in England, and half as  
much more to become known by  
fame in this country. The fifteen  
years spent in acquiring this popu-  
larity are apt to leave their marks on  
the artist who survives them, and  
when we have been brought up to  
hear about the "beautiful young  
actress" or "the charming young  
ingenue" who is the  
idol of the London  
people, we are apt to  
resent any appearance  
of senility in the artist  
to whose coming we  
have looked forward  
with so much eager-  
ness and for such a  
long period of time.

It certainly does  
seem hard to wait fif-  
teen years and then

discover that the artistic treasure of all England is  
no longer young, vivacious and shapely, and so it  
happens that our feelings of disappointment some-  
times find their way into cold and brutal type, and are  
indignantly resented by those who are accustomed to  
fervid adulation.

Henry E. Abbey and Maurice Grau gave an invita-  
tion matinee at Abbey's Theatre a few days ago, in  
order to introduce the wonderful Schaffer family of  
acrobats.

As several members of the troupe are under sixteen,  
it is not thought likely that Gerry and his middle-aged  
society will allow them to appear in "America" at the  
Metropolitan Opera House. They were the great fea-  
ture of that spectacle during its long run at the Chi-  
cago Auditorium.

The performance of "As You Like It," by the Pro-  
fessional Woman's League at Palmer's Theatre, was a  
singular and impressive performance.

Imagine a play without a man in it, except a few  
scattered about the audience—a play where the bearded  
heavyweights of the stage talked in high trebles;  
where the supers and soldiers ill-concealed their sex  
behind false whiskers; where handsome women were  
ushers; where women sawed the fiddles, beat the  
drums and piped the cornets and the bass horns under  
the direction of a woman leader.

"I have just closed a contract with a new singer—an  
English girl," said a manager whom I met recently.  
"She braced me for a hundred a week, and, although  
I tried to bluff her down, she held out so stiffly that I  
was compelled to accede to her terms."

"Can she sing?" I inquired.  
"Like a peacock," he replied. "She had a pair of  
tights along which she put on in my wife's room. I  
agreed to give her \$5 a week for her voice and \$95 for  
her legs."

### DELTA ROSK. [WITH PORTRAIT.]

A graceful and charming portrait of Delta Rosk is  
presented on our theatrical page this week. Miss Rosk  
is a young lady, whose particular talents and exquisite  
shapeliness have made her known throughout this  
country as a leading exponent of burlesque roles. She  
is at present a member of Marie Sanger's company.

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and the skirt, which is cut V-shape at the top. She  
also wears long black stockings while she dances and  
wriggles.

Stockings, by the way, are akin to tights, and that re-  
minds me that the latter caused a great deal of trou-  
ble to the Customs authorities when the Firenzy  
Opera Company arrived from Germany a few days  
ago.

The girls of an opera company can make a whole  
bundle of trouble or a whole lot of fun, just as  
they please. This time they made both, and the heads  
of departments had almost to summon the police to  
drag their clerks back to work.

The trouble was caused by several bundles of tights  
that were claimed by different members of the com-  
pany. I fancy that it is pretty hard for a Custom  
House inspector to blush, but when they opened one  
of the bundles, which had been claimed by one of the  
ladies, they were considerably abashed.

For a while things were very much mixed. It was  
claim and counterclaim made by the girls in rapid  
succession, and by and by the officers said they guessed  
the easiest way to settle it would be for them just to  
keep all the tights.

And they did. And then there was trouble.

The following day the manager marched all of his  
troupe back to the Custom House to wrangle the ques-  
tion out. For nearly an hour the officials were busy  
dragging out articles of apparel, big and little, and  
asking who owned them and making somebody swear  
to the ownership of each bit of flummery. There

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THE CHORUS GIRL AT HER TOILET.

writing for me. I wanted to see New York again, so I  
came with the Grays.

"Oh, yes, I may sing once or twice while here. In  
fact, I have already arranged to appear at a couple of  
private residences. I have brought lots of chansons  
with me, and some of them will lift you off your feet.  
I may also appear at one of the theatres. I would  
dearly love to appear in 'Miss Helyet.' You have no  
French troupe? What of it? Let the others sing their  
parts in English. I gave performances in St. Peters-  
burg and Moscow, where everyone spoke Russian ex-  
cept myself. I went through my role in French. The  
effect was colossal!"

Just at present there are two very clever women who  
are appearing at Tony Pastor's Theatre—Mlle. Duclere,  
a singer of French songs, and Lillie Langtree, an En-  
glish dancer and interpreter of music hall ditties. Both  
are extremely good.

To see Duclere shrug her shoulders and toss her  
short black hair when she is singing something that is  
a trifle suggestive is extremely entertaining. Lang-  
tree excels as a dancer, and she has the most dainty  
way imaginable of pointing her foot at an angle of  
forty-five degrees.

Estelle Clayton, who wrote a melodrama called  
"Favette" in which she starred a couple of years ago,  
has just completed the libretto of an operette called  
"The Viking," which she is trying to dispose of. She  
is still the same handsome woman whose dark eyes  
used to rival the midnight orbs of Olga Brandon.

Harriet Vernon and Ada Reeve have closed their en-  
gagements at Koster & Bial's, and will immediately re-  
turn to England to be present when the pantomime  
season begins on Boxing Night (Dec. 26). Both of  
them received handsome presents from the manage-  
ment, and will surely return next season. Miss Ver-



## PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

### A Morning Sun, O., Cupid Escapes on a Bicycle.

### FINDS HIS WAYWARD WIFE.

"Hello, Joe," Didn't Go, But Edwin is Still Going.

### ST. LOUIS DIVORCE SENSATION.

By the means of a bicycle a young Adonis of Morning Sun, Ohio, escaped being a husband. John C. Pharis, Jr., is the young man in question, and the girl he didn't marry is Miss Alva Bell, a charming young lady of twenty years, Pharis is a dashing youth of twenty-six years, and was a student in the Miami University, where he was a favorite with his classmates.

Some time since young Pharis became infatuated with Miss Bell, who is an exceedingly handsome young lady, and paid her frequent visits at her home, his occupation being a school teacher at Hopewell, near Morning Sun, until he entered Miami University. Last summer the young lady visited friends in Oxford, where she was again thrown in contact with her sweetheart, but they loved too well.

The father, who is a prosperous farmer, was loth to believe any report concerning his daughter and the gay John, but upon a full investigation found it only too true, and set about to have Pharis right the wrong by marrying his daughter. Rev. J. F. Hutchinson accompanied Mr. Bell to Oxford, where a consultation was held with Marshal Flanagan, and it was decided that the preacher should at once see Pharis with the above view. In a short time the reverend gentleman returned, saying that Pharis would not accompany them home, but would follow on his wheel, as he did not wish to gain notoriety.

The father of the girl concluded that a "bird in the hand was worth two in the bush," and with the marshal, visited his room, but found that the bird had flown. In a few days he returned to Oxford, and, settling up a few outstanding debts, left the school, and, it is said, departed for the wild and woolly west. The affair has created a good deal of gossip on account of the high standing of the parties concerned.

A sensational explanation of the disappearance from Owensboro, Ky., of the pretty young wife of Mr. W. Lee Emory, caused a great deal of gossip. She was found in a disreputable house the other night in Louisville, by her husband, who confronted her in the midst of her shame.

Emory is a well-known young business man of Owensboro, and his pretty wife is very popular. They were married some time ago, and until recently their home life was full of bliss. For some reason which is not yet known they had a disagreement several weeks ago. It was not smoothed over as quickly as it might possibly have been, and so one evening last week Mr. Emory found that his better half had flown. He could find her nowhere in Owensboro, but it soon came to his ears that she had gone to Louisville and entered upon a life of shame.

The other day he arrived in Louisville, and in a carriage visited every evil house in town. He at last located her. Going into the house he ordered wine and called for all the women. Presently his wife entered the room attired in a frail blue silk wrapper. No scene was created and a reconciliation was effected.

They went at once to the Willard Hotel, where they registered as W. Lee Emory and wife. They refused to talk and left the city for Owensboro.

Has Miss Belle Corwin, of Delaware, O., been duped by a false and fickle Columbus traveling man? That is the question which is troubling some of her friends. If all the reports are reliable as they appear there is no question but she has been a wronged girl.

Belle has always had a morbid desire to figure in some big sensation that would fill the newspapers with her name and exploits. If she could not play in one in fact she would make up a story of love and adventure and finally elopement and send it to the local papers. When it came to be investigated it was found that it had all come from her own fertile brain, and that she was remaining quietly at home enjoying her own notoriety. This peculiar eccentricity of writing up herself was something novel for the papers, and they published her sensations for a time without question. Finally they "tumbled," and poor Belle was called down.

But this time her fanciful romances have proved too true, and the poor girl has been given a taste of real life and the infelicities of a false man. The sweet cup of connubial bliss which she drank to the bottom contained the very germs that would sow sorrow in her heart.

Not many months ago, it is said, Belle went to Columbus to work in one of the big hotels. In the course of events she met a traveling man, who ingratiated himself into her confidence. The friendship which existed soon ripened into passionate love on her part, and he promised to marry her. The matter was kept a secret from her Delaware friends until after the ceremony was supposed to have taken place. She then went to Delaware, and although refusing absolutely to divulge the name of her husband, she let it out that she had been married in Columbus. Her husband was soon to visit her and take her away to his new home.

As time wore on, however, no husband came, and the letters that were supposed to be from him became fewer. At last her circumstances became straitened; she was alleged to show signs of becoming a mother. Having no more money, she applied for admission to the County Infirmary, and was granted permission to become an inmate. Although expecting her husband at any day to come and take her, she worked as a kitchen girl, ever in hope. A family named Mann wanted a domestic, and, applying at the poorhouse for one, they were given Miss Corwin. She stayed at her

new home for a few weeks, and then, pining to be with her husband again, she left.

Motherhood and a husband seemed to be her only hope, and a few days ago she went back to Columbus, in a vain hope of finding the man who has been so false to her and deceived her so grossly. The poor girl can scarcely yet believe the man has so badly duped her, and proudly shields his name and character.

"Hello, Joe," Biff bang! A man's startled cry and a heavy fall in the corridor of the Zebra Hotel, Cincinnati, O., recently attracted the attention of the persons in the immediate vicinity, and all rushed forward to ascertain the cause. A thrilling scene met their eyes. An elegantly dressed young man was prostrate on the floor, and standing over him was a large fellow excitedly muttering: "I'll kill you; you'll betray my sister, will you," and emphasizing each word with a vicious blow on the upturned face of the young man. The cry for help brought Officer Miller to the scene, and his prompt action prevented what would undoubtedly have been murder.

As soon as the young man was freed from the grasp of his assailant he made a bolt for the door and disappeared.

Some six months ago a young man named Edwin Arden made the acquaintance of a young lady named Miss Belle Leyler in Louisville. He was an elegant dresser, smooth talker and an attractive young fellow in general. She was beautiful beyond the ordinary, and the two soon became infatuated. The acquaintance continued up to three weeks ago, when he proposed that they organize a dramatic company and tour the country. His description of the pleasures of the stage was enticing, and he showed that it was impossible for them to fail. The girl succeeded in persuading a cousin to go with them, and a company was soon organized. Miss Leyler drew \$200 from the bank and started out with bright visions of fame and wealth.

They had been gone but three weeks when a lady appeared in Louisville off the hunt for Edwin Arden, who, she claimed, was her husband. She met Joe Leyler, the brother of Miss Belle, and told her story. The indignant brother immediately started on the trail, and as he proceeded he found fresh evidence of Arden's baseness. Arden and Miss Leyler were passing as man and wife.

The trail ended at Cincinnati. Leyler proceeded to the hotel early and started for Arden's room. He met him coming down the stairs. Arden saw him coming, and with an engaging smile, said "Hello, Joe." Joe's answer was a blow, which sent the young fellow to the bottom of the stairs. He followed up the attack and almost beat the prostrate man into insensibility.

Mr. Leyler was terribly excited, and could hardly be restrained by his weeping sister and cousin from following Arden and finishing his work. The girls seemed indifferent to the result, and appeared to enjoy their sudden notoriety. Mr. Leyler and the two young ladies departed on the evening train for Louisville, while Arden



was last seen "tramping it" in the same direction. The company had stranded and the entire party hadn't a cent.

Mr. Leyler seemed greatly broken up over his sister's conduct, and his eyes blazed with anger as he recited the facts. The parties are well connected.

A large crowd of spectators are listening to some very sensational testimony in Judge Valliant's court, St. Louis, Mo., in the hotly contested divorce case of Mae S. Schaefer vs. Henry G. Schaefer.

The case was called at 10 A. M., and the reading of the wife's petition and the husband's cross-bill gave a very good indication of what was to be expected in the way of racy testimony.

The couple were married Nov. 14, 1888, and lived together until Aug. 8, 1892. There is a discrepancy in the petition and cross-bill in regard to the manner of separation on that date.

The petition alleged that the plaintiff was driven from home with the statement that he wanted nothing further to do with "an American," and on the night of Dec. 1, 1891, drove her into a furious rainstorm. And finally at the final separation drove her and her child from home for good. Afterward, in the following February, he invited her to the drug store, and when she came tied her feet and gagged her, also

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threatening to incarcerate her in an insane asylum, thus avoiding the expense of divorce.

The cross bill as read alleged that Mrs. Schaefer, shortly after marriage, began absenting herself from home; permitted one Ed Scott to visit her in her bedroom; stood partially dressed in a window overlooking the street; admitted George Sutter, a butcher's clerk, to her presence while she was in bed, and threw candy out of the window at passers-by to attract attention.

The husband also alleges that Mrs. Schaefer was in the habit of meeting men at Ninth and Olive without her husband's knowledge, and maintained clandestine relations with them.

Mrs. Schaefer was the first witness called, and related at length the circumstances alleged in the petition. She is a very pretty little blonde, of rather nervous temperament. While she told her story, her husband, a dapper little man of dark complexion, glared at her from behind Attorney Hugo Mueuch, who was representing his interests.

Attorney Thomas J. Rowe, representing the wife, did not spare the husband as he brought out Mrs. Schaefer's case.

### KILLED BY A BURGLAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

William Kaiser, a baker, was shot and almost instantly killed at his place of business, in Camden, N. J., by a burglar early the other morning. The



burglar had entered through a parlor window. He then went through the parlor and dining room, ascended to the second story and tried the knob of the door in which the son and his wife were sleeping. The noise awoke the son, who leaped from his bed and rushed to the door just in time to see the man starting down the stairway.

The father, aroused by the noise, also started down the stairs, being between the burglar and the son. The latter wrenched one of the rungs out of the stair baluster, with which he aimed a blow at the intruder, but owing to his father being between them, missed his mark. The burglar then fled out the back way.

The front window was open, but the inside blinds were closed. Mr. Kaiser went toward the window, and was within a few inches of it when the blinds were pushed open from without and three pistol shots rang out, fired by some one on the pavement.

The police are looking for a negro named Ruserickson, who, it is said, pawned the murdered man's watch in Philadelphia.

### THEY SAW JENNIE KICK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Campbell habeas corpus proceeding for the possession of little Irene, the daughter of Mrs. Jennie Campbell, has been before the St. Louis, Mo., court over a week, and becomes more interesting daily. Mrs. Campbell was married at 13, a mother at 14, and was divorced at 15. She is now a beautiful girl of 18, and is trying to recover possession of her child who has been in the hands of her husband's parents ever since the decree of divorce.

The parents are endeavoring to show that Mrs. Campbell is not a proper person to have control of the child, and high kicking is one of the charges against her. The other morning one of the witnesses appeared with a black eye. Frank McCarthy is the black eye's owner. He is a coachman and had been living with Dr. Jesse Campbell. He says he was to have sworn to the Peeping Tom act. He was to have observed through a window in Dr. Jacobs' house Mrs.

Jennie Campbell's fruitless efforts to dislodge the clothes of the chandelier with her pretty foot, without detaching said foot from its ordinary associations.

But McCarthy went over to the enemy secretly. Dr. Campbell found it out, and placed his bet where it would do the most good. Dr. Campbell was also on the stand. In the course of the examination a conversation at Dr. Jacobs' house was referred to. Lena Jacobs was there. Jennie Campbell made her angry. "I'll tell on you," she said.

The doctor asked what she could tell. "I'll tell about her kicking the chandelier."

"Of course, there was no men around?" said the doctor.

"No; but Dr. Jacobs and Mr. Deizelle were out looking through the keyhole and (framing, all right."

"What made Jennie do this?" the doctor had asked.

"I guess she had been drinking too much wine," was the reply.

### MASKED MEN AWED THEM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

About 6:30 the other night two masked men entered J. W. Carson & Co.'s store in Beaver, Ark. The Post Office is in the building. Mr. Swops, one of the proprietors of the store, tells what occurred thus:

"My wife, another woman, and two men besides myself were in the store. One of the men called upon me to throw up my hands, at the same time leveling a pistol at me. My hands went up, and I looked behind the one with the pistol and saw his confederate with a rifle.

"He covered the other bystanders with the gun while the first one did the robbing. The first thing he did was to take my gold watch. He next went through my pockets and took \$1.65 from me. He marched me in front of the cash drawer, where he got \$21. Then he made me go to the safe and ordered me to open it. I did so. Acting under his orders I opened the three drawers one after another. In the first there was nothing, in the second was a sack containing the Post Office money. He emptied its contents out and took all the silver, which amounted to \$7.55, leaving the pennies.

"The third drawer I opened and told him there was nothing in it, when in reality there was \$25 in a pocket book, but he failed to discover it.

"After helping themselves to tobacco, and warning us not to follow them to the door, they left. The one with the revolver had the weapon tied to his wrist with a stout piece of buckskin. While the robbing was being done I said: 'This is pretty tough.' 'Yes,' answered the robber, 'but we have to do this to help Henry Star.'

From Carson & Co.'s the men went to Bridgeford & Co., on this side of the river, and performed the same trick. At this place they were more successful. They got \$80 in money and two pistols. Then they rode away on the horses which they brought into town.

### OSCAR B. WAHLUND.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Oscar B. Wahlund was born in Upsala, Sweden, April 20, 1865. He is of Herculean build, 6 feet 2 inches in height and weighs 243 pounds without an ounce of spare flesh. He measures over 18 inches around the upper arm. Wahlund's first great feat was to win the highest prize at the Athletic tournament held in Driesberg, Prussia, in June, 1891. In St. Petersburg, Russia, during the month of October, 1892, Wahlund made the world's record in heavyweight lifting, by lifting in harness 4,049 pounds; this being the combined weight of twenty-two men and the platform on which they stood. He also at the gymnasium of Dr. Krajewski, No. 5 Michael Place, in St. Petersburg, on Oct. 10, 1892 in attempting to reach the maximum of a weight-lifting machine which registered 2,200 pounds, broke the handle when reaching 2,079 pounds.

### AUGUST W. JOHNSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

August W. Johnson was born in Stockholm, Sweden, May 1, 1872. Since childhood he has been noted for his great strength. At the age of fifteen he entered the employ of the De Laval Cream Separator Company as stock clerk, and although but a youth, after many tests of strength, he was voted the strongest person among 425 employees. In February, 1892, Johnson joined fortunes with Wahlund, his present companion, and during his travels in Sweden, Finland and Russia, has made it a point to seek out all athletes, whether amateur or professional, challenging them to compete with him, and has yet to be vanquished. During October, 1892, Johnson broke several world's records made by the great Vienna athletes Turk, Staehrs and Rippel, and holds the diploma of Dr. Krajewski, of No. 5 Michael place, St. Petersburg, Russia, attesting to that fact.

### PERCY B. M'GONIGLE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Percy B. McGonigle is only twenty-two years of age, but for the past two years he has been a life saver at Highland Beach, N. J. He is well known along the coast, having saved sixty-four persons from drowning during the short time he has been on duty there. Recently he was presented with a gold medal for his bravery.

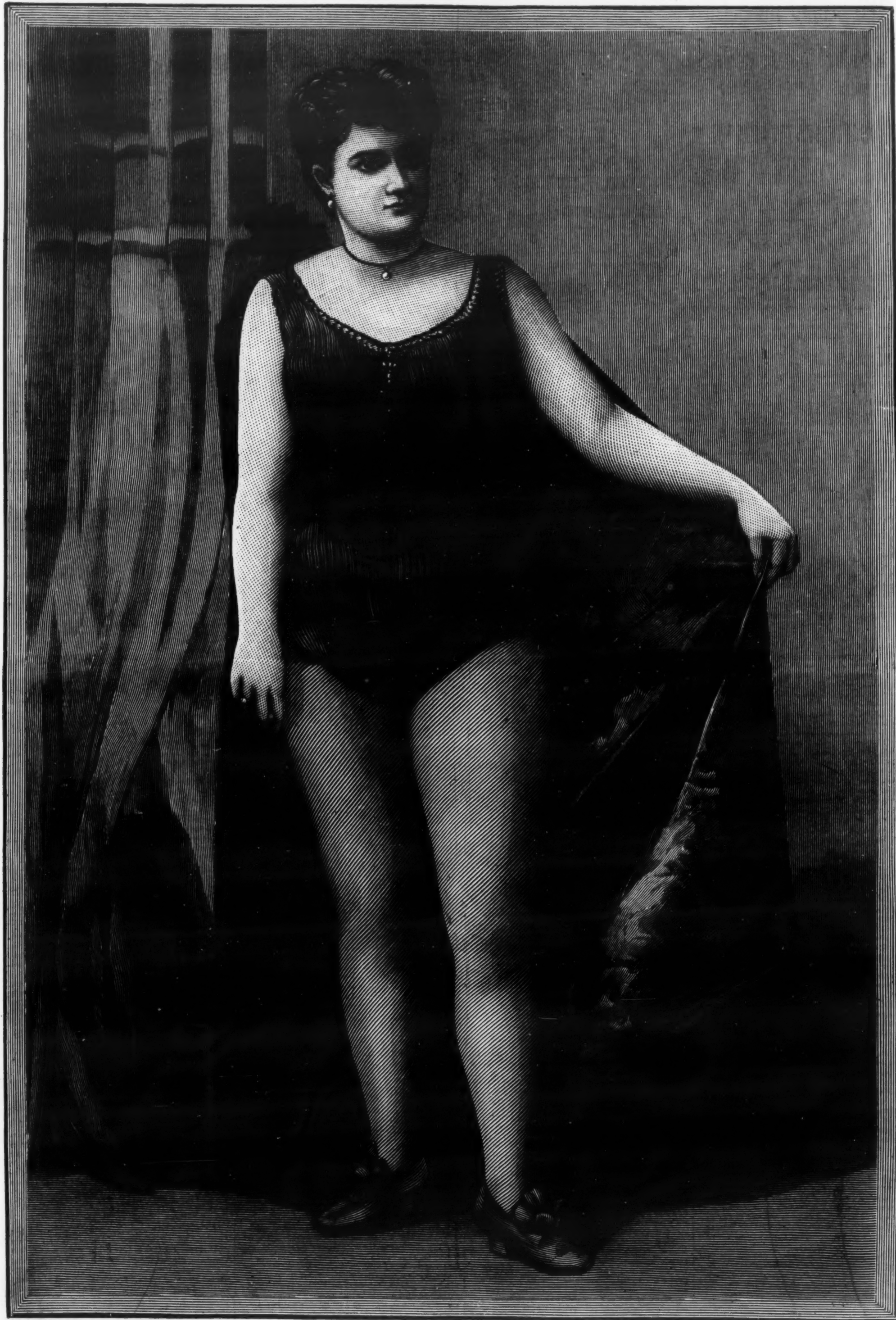
### A. C. RANSOM.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A. C. Ransom, whose portrait appears on another page, is twenty-four years of age, and is well known in Cleveland, O., as a promising catcher and first baseman. He has always been a lover of baseball and began playing when very young. He has been a member of several clubs in Pennsylvania, but at present is located in Cleveland, O.

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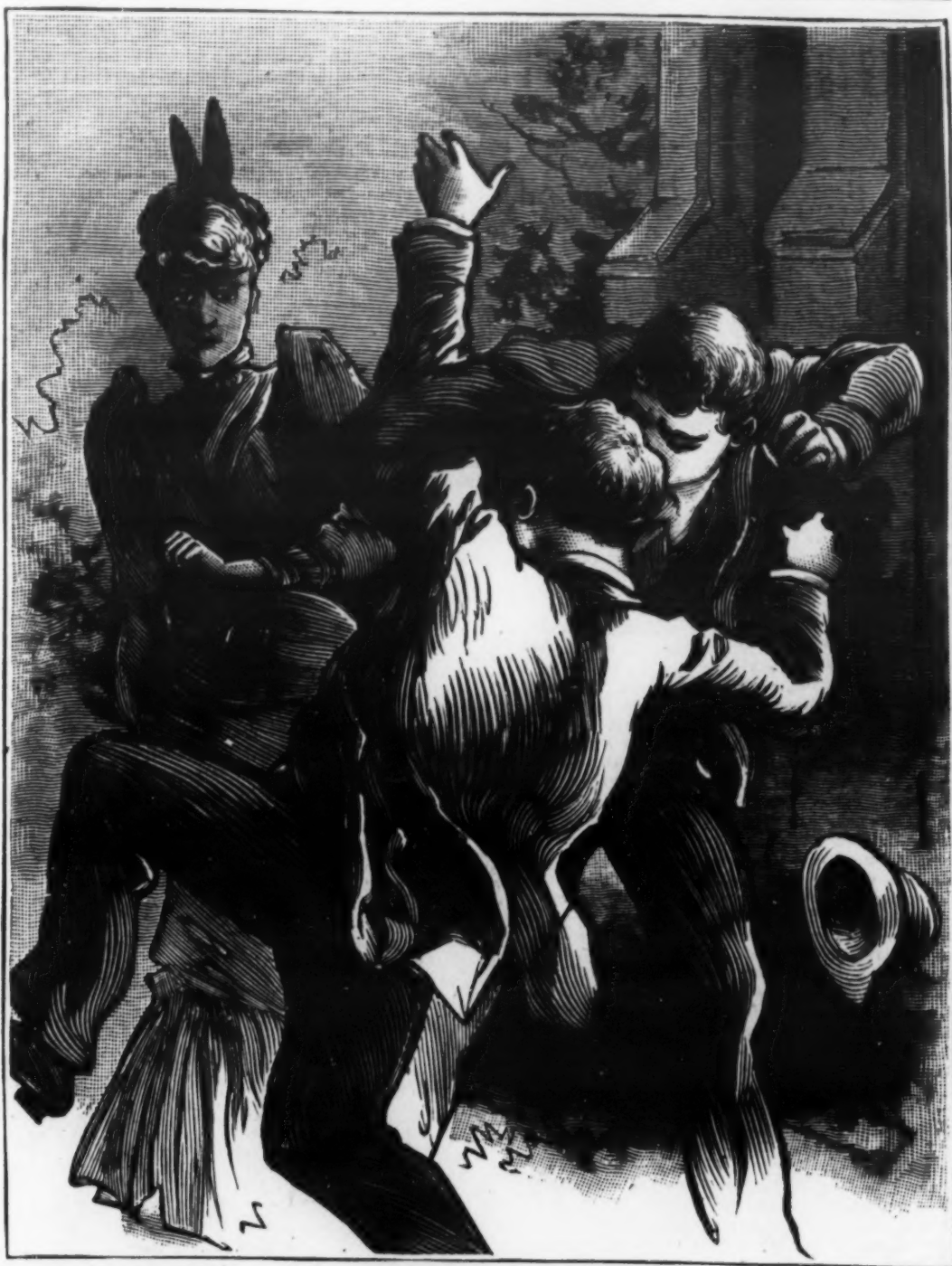
DELTA ROSK.

A LUSCIOUS LIMBED BEAUTY, WHO SHINES BRIGHTLY IN MARIE SANGER'S COMPANY OF BURLESQUERS.

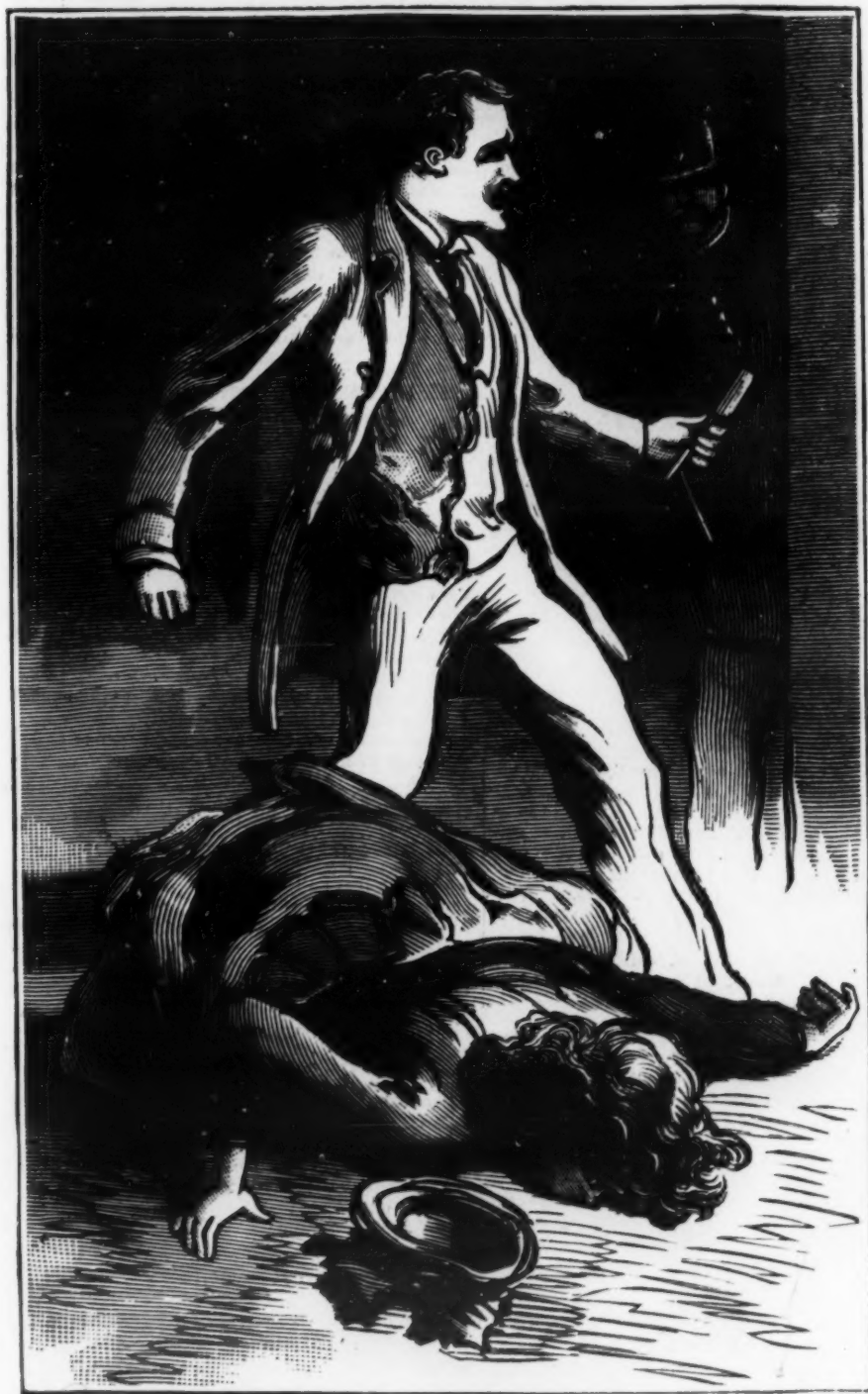




MRS. RAY USED AN AX.  
SHE FATALLY WOUNDS HER SLEEPING HUSBAND BY CHOPPING HIS  
HEAD OPEN AT INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



SAW HER LOVERS FIGHT.  
ONE OF THE SMITTEN YOUTHS IS KILLED, THE OTHER IN JAIL AND PRETTY MISS VIRGINIA  
GLEASON IS CRAZED FROM FRIGHT, AT SELMA, ALA.



WHY DID HE KILL HER?  
AN UNKNOWN WOMAN MURDERED BY A RESPECTED CITIZEN OF OMAHA,  
NEB., WHO AFTERWARDS KILLS HIMSELF.



A PLUCKY NASHVILLE, TENN., WOMAN.  
ATTACKED AT NIGHT BY A BURGLAR, MRS. JOHN WRITESMAN BRAVELY USES A REVOLVER  
WITH FATAL EFFECT ON THE INTRUDER.



## LOFTY KICKERS' CARNIVAL

### Lady Blue Jeans' Ball an All Night Revel.

### LOTS OF FUN AND BEER.

Aided by Kindred Organizations the Blue Jeans Have a Time.

### GAY GIRLS IN DIZZY COSTUMES.

The Lady Blue Jeans had their annual ball in the Lyceum Opera House Saturday night. It was a great event, and reminded old timers of the palmy days of Billy McGlory's Armory Hall. Many ladies and gentlemen from kindred organizations helped the Lady Blue Jeans make merry. When the orchestra struck up there were present members of such sterling organizations as the Lady Sports, the Two Williams, the Black Crooks, the Old Typewriters, the Midway Hangers, the Old Time Chums, the Original Sports, the Lady Admirals, the Black Dominoes, the Three Corpses. Of course the Lady Flashes were there in force, and distinguished visitors were present in several members of the Stumpy Four and Sneaky Eight Organization from beyond the Harlem.

No self-respecting Lady Blue Jean would think of beginning to dance before midnight, but just about that time the musicians struck up, and though there were not many dancers on the floor, more were arriving every minute. They were paying various prices to get in. The ordinary price was fifty cents, but if you looked like a "soft thing," a higher price would be imposed. For instance, two well-dressed young men came there about midnight and said politely to the Lady Treasurer in the box:

"Good evening. Give us two admission tickets, please."

"They're dead easy, Lottie," whispered a lady assistant from behind. "Stick 'em for seventy-five."

"One dollar fifty, please," and the young men put down the money and got the tickets. Lottie sent down and ordered beer. A few minutes later a young man in a silk hat had to pay fifty cents extra admission for his beer.

From midnight on there was a continued rush for two hours. Mamie Fay, the Lady Sergeant-at-Arms, and Maud Reynolds, who assisted her at the door, had their hands full keeping the crowd back. The trouble was, that every youth who had a speaking acquaintance with any of the Lady Blue Jeans seemed to think that he ought to be let in free on that account.

"Say, my ladyfriend, Teenie Murphy's one of this gang," said a young man who wore a cigar in one side of his face, to the doorkeeper, "and she give me a straight tip that if I came 'n asked for her I could get in."

"So you can if you put up a half," said one of the girls.

"I left my mad at home. You tell Teenie I want to see her."

"No. I won't tell Teenie nothin'. Put up the fifty or —" began one of the girls, when from above on the staircase was raised the voice of Teenie Murphy in welcome to her friend.

"Ah there, Brick. Glad you came. Let 'em in, girls; he's a friend of mine."

"Ah there, Teen," responded Brick, endeavoring to push in, when, whack! a hand landed across his face with a stinging force.

"Mama, you red-headed chippy," yelled Teenie, leaning over the banisters. "F you lay a hand to my girl's friend I'll forget that I'm a lady an' do you up. You got that club-footed thing that you hire to take you 'round in free, an' I guess Brick can get in, too."

"Any pie-faced Jay like that can't get by me. I don't think," retorted Mama, "if he don't fly the coop quick I'll have him pulled."

As she spoke she made a jump for Brick, and at the same moment Teenie vaulted over the banisters and landed in a heap on both of them. Instantly Lottie and Maud and their friends took a hand in, everybody crowded into the hall, and there was a wild crush, at the conclusion of which Brick came out at the inside of the crowd, his triumph somewhat marred by the marks on his face made by Mama's nails. Teenie hung on to him with one hand, while in the other she triumphantly waved a whip of Mama's hair in evidence of her prowess in the battle. There were more fights and squabbles and crashing and pushing at the door until 2 o'clock, when nearly all had arrived.

Having once got in the place the guests of the Lady Blue Jeans found three courses open to them. They could sit down stairs and drink beer, or go to the down stairs ballroom, where a picturesque group of Italians were dispensing music from violins and a harp, or make for the big ballroom above stairs, where those who were not dancing sat around in the boxes or on the seats at the side and drink beer. For beer is unquestionably the drink of the Lady Blue Jeans, and the fun of the ball never really begins until the influence of the lager makes itself felt. Of course, whisky is never out of place, and the swain who brings a bottle in his pocket is likely to find himself a popular idol; but after all, the main reliance is on beer. The usual social round at the Lady Blue Jeans ball is first the big ballroom and beer; then a rest in the boxes and lager; after that a stroll to the tables down stairs and lager beer; then the small dancing room and drinks all around. After this back to the big ballroom, and the same round all over again.

When the beer and whiskey combined had begun to spread around an atmosphere of liveliness the crowd had separated into two parts: those in costume, who took the end of the hall near the musicians, and those in ordinary dress, who occupied what was left of the floor. It was noticeable that some of last year's stars were in citizen's clothes. Teenie McGee, whose red tights fitted meteor-like through the crowd last year, wasn't even dancing. Mary Kelly, who at the last ball wore black—to a very limited extent—was in a high-necked dress and skirts of conventional length.

"Why ain't you in costume, Mary?" asked a friend.

"Oh, I've seen it all too many times," was the indifferent reply. "I'm gettin' blazy."

"You mean blazy, Mary," suggested her escort in a whisper.

"Yes; that's what I said, blazy. It's a played-out game. I'm blazy of the whole racket."

But there were many who didn't know that fatal ailment. There was the Zephyr, clad in a white imitation of an unlaundersed nightgown, and Carrie Mull in red and black; Nell the Star, in Princeton colors, and Curly Ally, in polka-dot stockings, who had the distinguished satisfaction of being fought for by Gooly Harrigan and Cully the Sport.

"Dis is my dance!" said both as they arrived from opposite directions at Ally's side. Then Gooly turned to her and inquired politely:

"Who's d' red-eyed bloke dere?"

"Shake dat mug an' spiel dis wid me," said Cully.

"Say, if you don't chase yourself," remarked Gooly, turning upon his opponent, "I'll spoil d' ou' part o' yer mug dat wasn't spoiled in de makin', and dat's de back o' your neck."

After a few swift passes Gooly sat down heavily, while Curly Ally was whirled away in the arms of the victor.

"I was goin' t' say it was your dance," she remarked, reproachfully, "but you was so quick you wouldn't gimme no chance."

Enthusiasm reached its highest pitch when the orchestra struck up "Daisy Bell," and every one sang the "Lay of the Lady Blue Jeans." In the midst of the song a dozen young men in business clothes came bursting through the crowd that lined the stairs, headed by a slender young man with a flaming red and black necktie.

"Make way for the Pacific Street Periwinkles," shouted the youths, as the individual with the necktie began a high-kicking dance in the middle of the floor. Presently a pretty brown-eyed girl in a sailor costume edged forward in the crowd to watch him.

"Come on, Brownie," shouted the Periwinkle, catching her round the waist, and Brownie contributed to the dance a vigor and grace that drew shouts of applause.

When the musicians stopped the young man begged them to

of my stomach." "Oh, look out; that's my head."

"Get up." "Get off." "Help, murder."

And at every yell more enthusiastic dancers were piling on the heap. To add to the general discomfort of those most concerned people in the boxes playfully threw beer bottles and schooners down upon them, and after a half dozen had been hurt the mix-up untangled. They were a sorry-looking crowd, rage and tatters abounding. The girl in black, who fell on the hat first, when the bottom of the heap was reached was lifted to her feet by the Periwinkle. Her gauze skirts had disappeared, and, as for the black tights—that girl went out in tears and wearing a man's overcoat lent for the occasion.

That was the last bit of event of the night, but there was plenty of fun scattered around afterward. Gooly Harrigan got a jag and evened up matters with Cully the Sport by dropping a chair on his head as he was passing under the gallery. The Periwinkle undertook to drink beer with his friend Brownie, and when last seen was standing on the railing of a box yelling to the waiter to bring him two Turkish baths on the deep shell. High kicking and fancy dancing abounded until 6 o'clock, when somebody with a rare sense of humor said that it was almost church time.

### SHE PROMPTLY PUT HIM OUT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION]

One night recently Lew and Lottie Waters gave a performance at the Slater, Mo., Opera House, which in one respect at least was gratifying to many who are

Times were hard and work was difficult to get. To get rid of the clerk Caron gave him a letter of recommendation to Albert Ebert, a druggist at 426 State street, and forbade him thereafter to darken his threshold on pain of death.

But that was not the end. Cyrier carried on his wooing by telephone, and recently Mrs. Caron consented to desert her home and child and live with him. They went to the Virginia, one of the swelllest of north side family hotels, one night and registered as Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Lapointe of St. Paul. They were assigned to room 441. They did not leave the room except at meal time. About noon two days later the chambermaid tried her key in the door of 441. The door was bolted, and she could not open it. The house carpenter was sent for. He climbed a stepladder and crawled through the transom. The woman was dead on the bed. A white froth at the mouth indicated that she had died by taking poison. Cyrier lay across her feet with a bullet hole in his head and two in his body. There was evidence that he too had taken poison, but his work was slow, and he had finished it with the revolver.

On a table was a heap of letters. Three open sheets of paper contained the last words of the dead couple. Mrs. Caron wrote in a fair girlish hand. The letter was addressed "To all," and said:

"A last farewell to our dear friends. Life is no more a happiness to us. Vic is not to blame. We die here together to-night as true friends. Farewell husband and dear little child. I hope you will remember your mother. A kiss to my little one, who has no mother to-night. Oh, so young without a mother; what will she do."

MRS. E. L. CARON,  
109 Blue Island Avenue,  
Chicago, Ill."

The man wrote with a pencil, the woman with a pen. This is what the man wrote:

"FRIENDS: I bid you all a sad farewell forever. Oh, and it is, but I cannot live with my sorrows, I cannot bear. I die happy here to-night because I die with a dear friend. At all times I can say that I have done my duties. Hope you will all forgive me. Hope to meet you all in a better world. Oh, dear, I am no longer able to write, my strength is failing. Oh, good-night forever. VICTOR E. CYRIER."

Here the man evidently intended to end, but as the poison began to take effect he took up the pen Mrs. Caron had used and continued writing in ink, and in a hand that grew more and more illegible:

"She died at half-past five this morning. I can't write any more. I can't open my eyes."

Afterward he partially revived and continued again, the writing straggling across the page at an angle with that above it:

"We die together on the same chair. Same amount both poia who finds oth dead take revol shoot self."

Then followed a series of undecipherable marks. There were four sealed letters. One written by the woman was addressed to Mr. E. L. Caron, 109 Blue Island Avenue, Chicago, Ill. The others, written by Cyrier, were addressed to Dr. Cyrier, 107 Blue Island Avenue, Miss Flavie Cyrier, Bourbonnais, Ill., and A. F. Ebert, 462 State street.

The bodies were conveyed to the morgue at 73 Fifth Avenue. There they were laid side by side on the same slab. The faces of both were composed, neither showing signs of suffering. A clot of blood near Cyrier's right eye showed where a bullet had entered. There was another wound in the chin and a third just below the heart.

### THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPIONSHIP ROWING CUP.

GORHAM MANUFACTURING COMPANY,  
Broadway and Nineteenth Street,  
New York, N. Y., Dec. 6, 1893.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

Dear Sir: The oarsmen's trophy referred to in your inquiry of the 2d inst., was received from our factory this A. M. and we beg you to instruct us where to deliver same.

We take this opportunity to express our obligations to you for your courtesy in allowing us to exhibit this handsome piece at the Columbian Exposition, and beg to state that the Oarsmen's Trophy, contributed in no small measure to the success of the unique collection of prize cups exhibited by us.

Begging you to accept our sincere thanks for your courtesy, we remain, respectfully yours,

GORHAM MANUFACTURING CO.

### SAW HER LOVERS FIGHT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A. S. Tanner and Ralph Grant quarrelled about escorting Miss Virginia Gleason from church at Selma, Ala., the other night. Tanner had the girl on his arm and Grant attacked him. Grant was killed. Tanner is now in jail. The girl was crazed by fright and has not recovered her mind. All concerned are well-known people.

### LOUIS BENJAMIN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Louis Benjamin, whose portrait is published in this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE is a well-known young man of sporting proclivities. He is a son of ex-Alderman Benjamin, of New York, and has a host of friends. Benjamin is the backer of John Whitman, the "Police Gazette" champion teeth lifter of America.

### LEANDER NANDIN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Leander Nandin, whose portrait appears on another page, is the best known bicycle rider in Mexico. Here is his record: Ten miles, 30 minutes 15 seconds; five miles, 15 minutes 28 seconds; one mile, 2 minutes 34 seconds; one-half mile 1 minute 23 seconds. Nandin is ready to meet any bicycle rider in Mexico.

FREE—A Beautiful Double-Page Art Supplement, printed in twelve colors and suitable for framing, will be given away with POLICE GAZETTE No. 854. For sale every where January 4th. Price only 10 cents.



THE LADY BLUE JEANS DANCE.

play "Daisy Bell" again. Then he and his companions sang their version of the song:

Blue Jeans Ladies,  
You are the dizzy crew,  
We'll raise Hades  
All in the game with you.  
If you'll supply the kickers,  
Why, we'll set up the liquors,  
We'll do it well and yell like hell  
For President Daisy Bell.

This was received with loud applause, and the musicians had to repeat until they were tired.

When every one was out of breath a square dance was formed. Just before the music struck up, a woman's big hat, thrown skillfully, sailed out from one of the boxes over the heads of the dancers and fluttered down in the middle of the floor. A vision in pink tights sent it skimming along with a well directed kick. Then some one yelled, "Down on the ball." A girl in gauzy black skirts, transparently covering tights of the same color, was the first to reach the hat. She fell upon it like a football player, and an avalanche of gaudily bedecked humanity rushed to the spot and fell upon her. There were fairies and sailors and jockies and clowns and skirt dancers and Columbianes all mixed up in a tangle of arms and legs. Bare arms and pink stockings waved wildly in the air, slippers flew from feet and went rolling along the floor, and cries and yells from the mixed up scrimmage rent the air.

"It's down." "Let 'em up." "Ow, take your feet out

"A Parisian Sultana," by the frisky French author, Albert de Sagan, No. 15 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Copiously and beautifully illustrated. Sent by mail securely wrapped, on receipt of price 50 cents RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

annoyed beyond expression every time they attend an entertainment in Slater by some bad boys. Miss Lottie Waters was giving a song and dance, when Lewis Bybee began to mimic her. Two or three times she cast a warning glance at him, but thinking that he had her at his mercy, he continued to tantalize her. All at once she quit singing and with a determined look, stepped from the stage, took the young gentleman by the arm and waltzed him to the door. Bybee made no resistance, and went quietly home, while Miss Waters, amid the hearty applause of the audience, returned to the stage and continued her song.

### GUILTY LOVE, SHAME AND DEATH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

About ten years ago Edward L. Caron left his home in Bourbonnais, in the Southern part of Illinois, to study pharmacy in Chicago. He met with success, and five years ago bought out his employer at 109 Blue Island Avenue, and celebrated the event by marrying his sweetheart, Miss Elwidge Bonisvert. About two and a half years ago he employed as prescription clerk Victor Cyrier, who was born in the French Canadian town of Bourbonnais, and had been Caron's neighbor in their earlier years.

Things went smoothly until about six weeks ago, when Caron discharged his clerk. For over a year neighbors had noticed a growing fondness between the clerk and Mrs. Caron, whom Cyrier had also known in Bourbonnais. The husband had known for months that his wife and clerk had spent much time together, but he did not know of secret trips made to the city. A neighbor, a woman, opened his eyes. He set a watch on his wife, traced her to the rendezvous in the city, and there saw enough to convince him that she was faithless. Then he discharged Cyrier.



# THEY COULDN'T KILL COOK.

Six Bullets at Close Range Failed to Finish Him.

COUNTED THEM AS FIRED.

Left to Die, He Wrote the Assassins' Names in Blood.

REMARKABLE STORY OF CRIME

There is a man in the Polyclinic Hospital, this city, who is, indeed, hard to kill. He is Joseph Cook, and he has six bullets in his body, and each of four of them inflicted a wound sufficient to kill an ordinary man.

But Cook is not an ordinary man. He is a fair-haired Mississippian, thirty-one years old, well built, muscular and possessing a constitution of iron. That he is brave no one will doubt who reads the story of his adventure.

Few tales of sensational romance have been written that excelled it; few if any men have passed through such an ordeal and lived to calmly tell of it. This man does with the belief that the shadow of death is still about him.

He was born on a Jasper County (Miss.) farm, where he pursued an agricultural life till three years ago, and there he built up a frame of brawn and steel muscles. Then he became clerk in a drygoods store in the town of Heidelberg, and was there noted as one of the best amateur athletes of the country. The vicinity, too, abounded in hardy young men.

Cook became a partner a year ago, November, in the general merchandise business of his uncle, J. P. Clayton, in the coast village of Scranton, on the Pascagoula River, forty miles from Mobile and one hundred miles from New Orleans. It is a sparsely populated town, inhabited largely by lumbermen.

Clayton and Cook did a thriving business as the main storekeepers of the place. Cook was respected among the rough men because he had more than once showed that he had "lots of sand." He will never forget the night of Wednesday, April 19 last, and even now every detail of it is clear to his mind. Eleven o'clock arrived and Clayton had left his nephew to close up. Cook slept in an L to the little wooden store.

It was a wild night. The rain fell in torrents and a cold wind tore madly over the little village. Cook made the doors and windows secure and prepared to go to his room. As his hand grasped the low lamp to light his way there came a loud knock on the outer door.

"It's me, Smith, the saloon keeper, and I want change for a ten dollar bill," came back the response. Smith was a recent addition to the village.

"All right," answered Cook after some deliberation. He wasn't afraid; he was sleepy and wanted to get into bed. He unbarred the door and swung it open. A dark-faced stranger strode inside with Smith. Cook had never seen him before, and it was with some misgivings that he went behind the counter and opened the safe to grant Smith's request. The visitors shook their dripping coats and hats. Cook saw that they had been drinking and was sorry he had admitted them. The rest of the story is best told in Cook's own words:

"Smith went outside, ostensibly to get a drink of water from the well. I was on my knees in front of the safe as I heard him re-enter the store. He stepped lightly to my side, and instantly I felt the cold steel of a revolver on my forehead as he said, in a low voice, 'Now, you throw up your hands or I'll shoot your brains out.'"

"I saw at once he was in dead earnest and had the 'drop' on me, and threw up both arms. Still keeping me covered, Smith said to his companion: 'Clean out the safe, Charley, and do it quick!'

"There was \$1,200 there and the stranger got it all. The village bank was in a bad condition, and we had not deposited our earnings for some time. When the last bill had been abstracted I asked for my release. 'Well, you got the money,' said I, 'and you might as well let me go.'"

"I reckon you'll go with us," responded Smith. His revolver was still at my head. He turned out the lamp, shut the door and led me out into the storm. There was no chance to escape. It would have meant my instant death, for the two men were in a desperate mood.

"It was raining furiously and as dark as pitch. Rapidly we made our way along the river bank into the woods and, without meeting a person, struck the woods which encircle the town. We made our way through brake and thicket to a marsh which lies two miles from Scranton in the heart of the forest. It is known as Black Bird Pond.

"It is strange how the smallest incidents cling to a man's memory under circumstances. It was deathly still. An owl hooted from the top of a high tree, and a katydid at my feet began a crooning lullaby. I remember it with distinctness.

"The water was about two inches deep, and my captors stood at its edge some four feet from me. I thought of giving them battle and trusting to luck for my escape. Neither had spoken a word to me since leaving the store. I was about to put my plan into

execution when, without a word of warning, they began blazing away at me. Six bullets took effect in my body. I counted them as they struck.

"The first hit my left cheek, knocked out two teeth, went through my tongue obliquely and lodged in the palate, where it is now. The next shot entered the back of my head. It has since been extracted. Then I felt my collar bone penetrated. The fourth bullet passed through my body, hitting the eleventh rib. The fifth was aimed at my spine, and lodged in the thick muscles of the back.

"I had retained consciousness up to this time, and why I did not run I cannot tell to this day. I seemed rooted to the spot, probably because I had fully made up my mind that I was doomed to die.

"The sixth shot knocked out two bones in the spinal cord, paralyzing me from the breast down, and I dropped like a log in the water, which almost covered my ears. That bullet is going to fulfill its murderous errand yet."

The young man spoke in the calm tones of one who has made peace in the conclusion that his end is inevitable. He continued, after a pause and sigh:

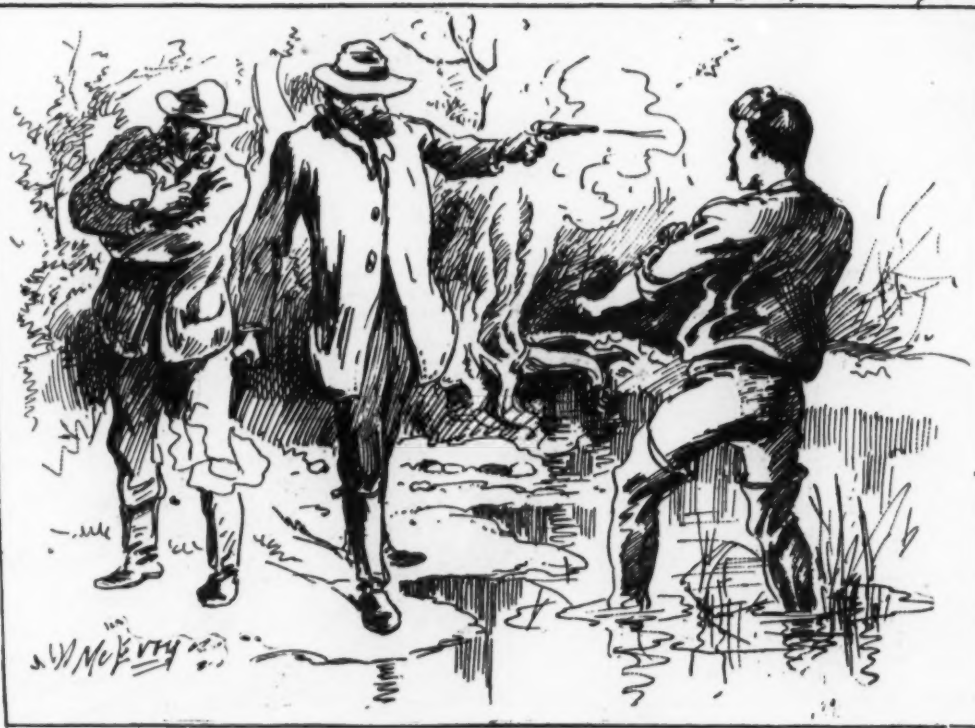
"I could hear the men running away. They thought me dead. Long after their footfalls had ceased I began to shout for help. But no succor came, for there were no houses more than a mile away. Then I felt a stupor coming over me. I became chilled and felt that the end was near.

"Then a desire for vengeance seized me. My murderers should not escape unpunished. My right hand was almost powerless, but with great difficulty I raised it to the wound in my cheek, dabbed the forefinger with blood and traced in rough letters on my shirt 'Jim Smith and Charley.' I shut my eyes, folded my arms on my breast and felt myself lapsing into unconsciousness."

Charley Noyes, of Scranton, had a strange dream that night. He saw his dead son lying in Black Bird Pond in great agony and sorely distressed. The vividness of it all awoke him. He relapsed into sleep again only to have the vision come to him again. He was greatly impressed, and told some of his friends about it the next day.

Nobody paid much attention to him, for the town was convulsed with the robbery and mysterious disappearance of the night. No trace could be found of Cook or the robbers. Two of the missing man's friends, however, whose belief in the supernatural was strong, coupled Noyes' dream with Cook's absence, hatched up the store team and drove over the rough path to the pond.

They arrived at two o'clock in the afternoon and found him lying there, almost dead. Dr. W. R. Kell was summoned, the patient revived, and by night his strong organization had asserted itself and he was on the mend. Smith and his accomplice were arrested



THE SHOOTING OF COOK.

and that night barely escaped lynching. "Charley" proved to be a dissipated young character, an old friend of Smith's.

Cook's chances of recovery are good, and he may regain the use of his legs.

## A FRIGHTFUL DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A terrible tragedy occurred near St. Joe Station, eight miles from Butler, Pa., early the other morning. Mrs. C. Hepler, with her daughter, Flora, recently married to James Martin, and her son, L. Notham, reside in a large, comfortable frame house near St. Joe Station. Mrs. Hepler is about 50 years of age and her daughter about 25.

Harper Whitmer, who is married to another daughter of Mrs. Hepler, has been with the family several days. Whitmer is about 40 years of age and has been unfortunate for some time. His mother-in-law was quite wealthy and held a heavy mortgage on Whitmer's farm. They did not get along well together.

Notham has charge of a number of oil wells on his mother's farm. About 9 o'clock the other morning he returned home from work, and instead of finding the house in its usual orderly condition and breakfast ready, everything was turned upside down. Trunks were open and boxes and drawers had been ransacked.

Entering an adjoining room Notham found his mother lying in death's agony, horribly mutilated and just breathing her last. There was a terrible gash in her forehead, showing where the fatal blow had been struck, apparently with the broad blade of a hatchet.

Nearby was the body of his sister Flora, her throat cut from ear to ear. Evidently she had been dead some time. Her body bore evidence of having been roughly handled.

Physicians were hastily summoned and succeeded in restoring Mrs. Hepler to momentary consciousness. She sank rapidly, however, and died at 11 o'clock.

"Ruined by a Faithless Woman," No. 11 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. One of the best of the Series. Illustrated by French artists. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

Sheriff-elect Campbell of Oakland township, arrived early, and said that Harper Whitmer came to the house of his brother, Samuel Whitmer, and asked for the loan of a revolver.

Sam questioned him as to what he wanted with the weapon, and Harper replied: "I have killed two women and I want to make an end of myself."

Sam refused to lend the revolver and advised his brother to give himself up. On this Harper left and disappeared over the hills. Since that time nothing has been heard of him.

Before death Mrs. Hepler recovered consciousness sufficiently to give the information that the murder had been committed by her son-in-law, Harper Whitmer.

## MRS. RAY USED AN AX.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

In Indianapolis, Ind., early the other morning, Oscar Ray was awakened by a stinging blow on the head, and jumping from bed, saw his wife standing over him with an ax in her hand. He grabbed her wrist and a struggle ensued, in which the couple rolled all over the room. Mrs. Ray attempting to use the ax again and he trying to get it from her hand.

His calls for help finally attracted A. T. Taylor to the spot, and just as the latter entered, Ray succeeded in getting the ax from his wife, and she fled from the house. Ray was weak and fainting from loss of blood, and was covered from head to foot with gore. The police surgeon was called, and an examination showed that his skull had been crushed in by the blow and that he was fatally injured. He was still conscious,



THE ATTACK.

and said that he knew nothing of the affair till he was aroused by the blow and saw the ax in his wife's hand. She had threatened his life, and several weeks ago he found a razor in the bed. When he asked her how it came there she said she had used it in trimming her corns. An hour later Mrs. Ray was found on the street a square from her home and was taken to the station. She denied her husband's story and said that she struck him with the ax because he had choked her. Ray is in a precarious condition.

Great interest over the affair is manifested in Indianapolis.

and further developments are expected in the near future.

## WHY DID HE KILL HER?

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A peculiar tragedy occurred the other night in the basement of the wholesale grocery store of Heimrod & Hansen, Omaha, Neb. Martin Anderson, a trusted employee of the establishment, murdered an unknown woman and committed suicide.

About 9 o'clock the police were attracted to the firm's place of business by a woman's repeated cries of "Murder!" As they made their way into the cellar they stumbled over the body of the murdered woman. Anderson was observed in the act of cutting his throat with a razor. He was too quick for the police and almost cut his head off.

The woman's head had been crushed with a stone and her brains spattered the walls. She was handsome and well dressed, possibly thirty years old. A lady's purse containing \$40 was lying near the body. She could not be identified. Anderson was forty years old, and had been with the firm for years. He was highly respected.

## SHOT BY HER ADMIRER.

Mrs. Minnie Dunn, wife of J. W. Dunn, of Springfield, Ill., received a bullet wound from a weapon in the hands of Hardin Howard, from which she cannot recover. The shooting occurred in the rear room of a confectionery owned by Mrs. Anna Bakrow. After firing the shot Howard fled and Mrs. Dunn was assisted to a drug store where medical assistance was summoned. The blood gushed from the wound and from her mouth, but she was conveyed to her home, where she now lies unconscious.

No motive can be given for the deed except the one assigned by Mrs. Dunn, who said that while at Mrs. Bakrow's, Howard avowed his love for her, and made an improper proposal, which she resented. He then drew his gun and fired, the ball entering between her right eye and her ear and stopping behind the eye, near the base of the brain.

Mrs. Bakrow, keeper of the place in which the shooting occurred, said that Mrs. Dunn came in and sat at a table in the rear of the room. Howard followed soon

afterward and gave an order for some soda water, and she saw nothing more until the shot was fired, except hearing Mrs. Dunn exclaim: "I can prove it by K.I."

Fireman Miller, of the Fourth Street Engine House, was the first on the scene and found a .32 caliber revolver on the floor. Mr. Dunn, husband of the woman, said that Howard had been a frequent caller at the house and had been regarded by him as a friend. During the illness of their child he said that Howard had often sat up with it at night, but that he had never noticed any undue friendliness shown for his wife.

## SHOT ONE OF THE HAREM.

In a brothel in Paducah, Ky., the other morning, Charley Webb, a young man of a party on a lark, foolishly flourished a self-cocking revolver and shot Ray Kelley or Spencer, a young woman of the house, inflicting a very serious wound in the back of the head, the ball passing down into her neck. The woman has some chance to recover. She came to Paducah recently from Evansville, but her people live at Vienna, Ill.

Webb, when he thought the woman would die, attempted suicide with a knife, but was restrained by several friends with him. He is clerk of a hotel in Paducah, and of a good family in the adjoining county. He is under arrest, though the girl says it was an accident.

## A PLUCKY NASHVILLE, TENN., WOMAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Some time after midnight recently, and during a terrible rain and wind storm, Mrs. John Writeman, a highly respectable middle-aged widow lady, living on North High street, Nashville, Tenn., was awakened by the presence of some one in her room.

Supposing it to be her son, she jumped out of bed, only to find herself face to face with a strange-looking white man. She demanded to know what the man was doing there. He replied that he was going to bed with her. Mrs. Writeman was considerably frightened, but she had presence of mind enough to reach under her pillow and draw her revolver.

As quick as a flash she began to fire at the intruder, and, strange to say, every shot hit the mark. The man did not fall, but escaped and went to his home, several blocks away, where he was found the next day, shot in the lungs, in the arm and in the groin. Officers trailed him down and found that it was a young

carpenter, aged about twenty-five years, named William Malone.

Malone's doctor says he showed signs of intoxication when he called. He is thought to be fatally wounded.

## KILLED THE WOMAN HE LOVED.

ATLANTA, Ga., November 27.—Sheriff Tomlin, of Moore County, Col., passed through the city to-day having with him a young man who is wanted at Ernande for murder. John K. Long was the name of the prisoner. Five years ago Long was one of the promising business men of Ernande. Near the town was the home of George Dorman, one of the oldest ranchmen of the State. Among his children was a daughter of 17. Long was one of the young men of the county who was captivated by the charms of Miss Dorman.

The young lady was not pleased with the attentions of Long, whose love took a turn of desperation, and one evening he called upon her, and when alone shot her to death and then attempted to kill himself. The shooting caused quite a sensation, and for a while Long's life hung in the balance. He was closely watched and was not carried to jail until he was out of danger. Then, after he was in jail about two months, he managed to escape, and has been at large ever since until last week, when he was captured near Tampa, Fla. Immediately after his arrest the Sheriff of the county in which the offense was committed was notified, and he at once came for the prisoner. Long is a young, good-looking fellow, and is a man of some education. His parents are living yet, and are highly respected citizens of Wadesville, N. Y.

## COLLEGE GIRLS ON A LARK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Bentonville, W. Va., the seat of one of the State Normal schools, is greatly exercised over an occurrence, which may result in the death of Ella Dwight. Several girls for a lark donned male attire, and pretending to be burglars, entered the rooms of several young gentlemen. Most of the students visited caught on and contented themselves with teasing the girls, but one young man seized Miss Dwight, and believing he really had a burglar, beat her almost to death. She is in a serious condition and much alarm is felt.

## TENDERLOIN GIRLS MAKE MERRY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The disorderly houses in the Tenderloin precinct, this city, were raided recently, and several hundred inmates turned into the streets. The unfortunate girls had no place to go, and they made things lively on the various thoroughfares. In front of Clark's restaurant on Sixth avenue, a bevy of them gathered and did the high-kicking act, much to the amusement of a crowd of spectators and a lone policeman. The charitable organizations of the city will probably care for the evicted girls.

## GEORGE W. BOSSELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

George W. Bossell is one of the rising young city detectives of Savannah, Ga. He is thirty years of age, and was appointed on the force in 1889. He is a hustler, and has made the best record of any officer on the force. His portrait appears on another page.

## "An Unfaithful Wife," by the Great French

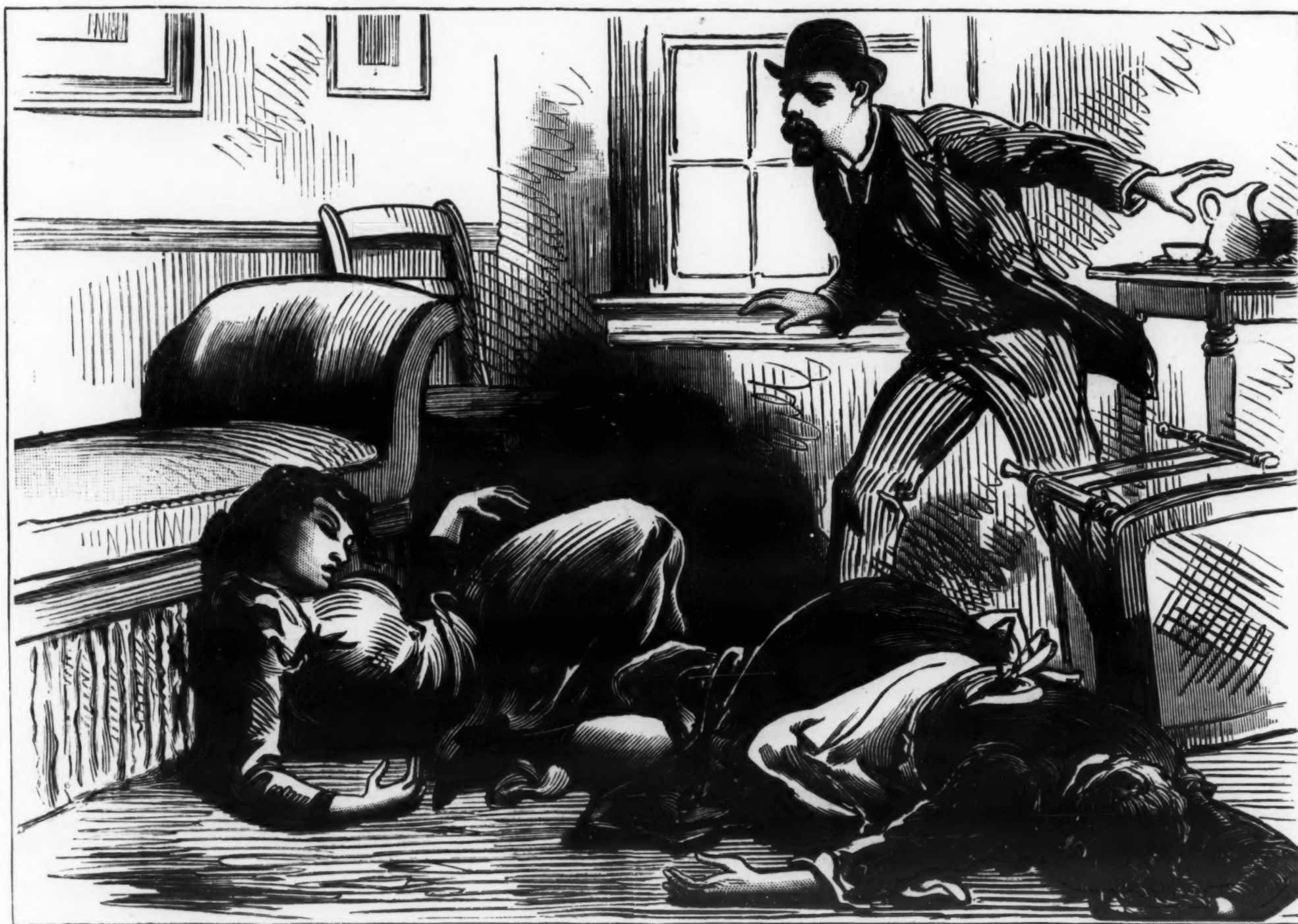
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SHE PROMPTLY PUT HIM OUT.

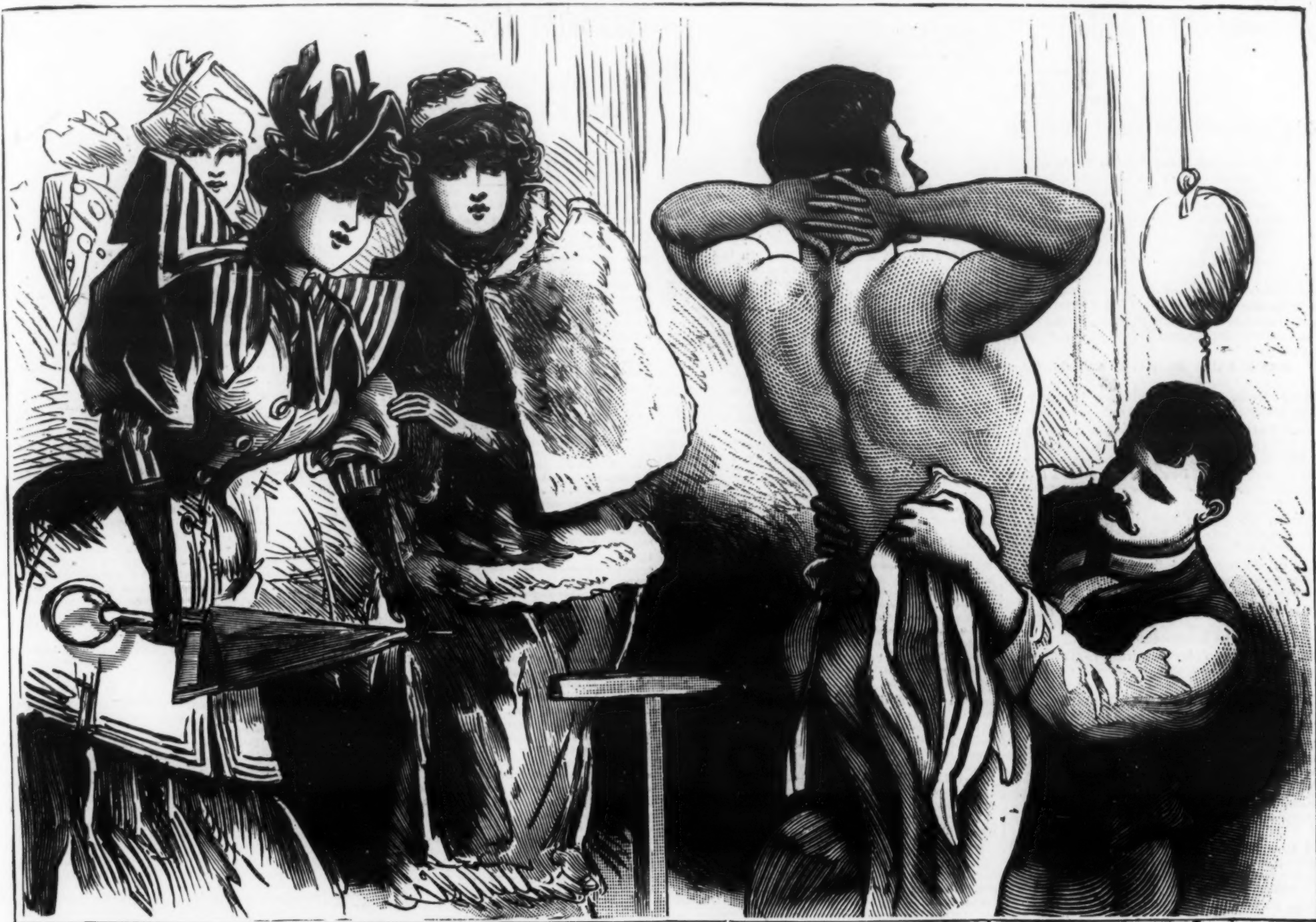
LOTTIE WATERS, A PLUCKY LITTLE ACTRESS, CHECKS A DISTURBANCE IN A SLATER, MO., THEATRE.



A FRIGHTFUL DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER HACKED TO DEATH WITH HATCHET AND KNIFE IN BUTLER COUNTY, PA.





CHAMPION CORBETT THEIR HERO.

PRETTY WOMEN ADMIRE THE BIG PUGILIST, WHILE HE TRAINS FOR HIS CONTEST WITH MITCHELL.



COLLEGE GIRLS ON A LARK.

DRESSED AS MEN THEY PLAY BURGLARS AND ONE IS NEARLY KILLED AT BENTONVILLE, W. VA.



## SPORTING NEWS AND NOTES.

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**RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.**

Tony Moran, the Italian boxer, is eager to arrange a match to meet any 150-pound boxer for \$500 a side.

Jerry Barnett, of New York, has challenged Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, to fight him for a purse, and Weir has accepted.

In New York on Dec. 7, the great stallion Delmar, 3:14, was sold at auction to John Day, of Freetown Park, for \$4,100.

Tommy Buff, the boy champion boxer of Pittsburgh, agrees to fight Harry Pickford, of the National Athletic Club of Brooklyn, E. D.

Austin Gibbons and Little Jimmy Murphy boxed 6 rounds in Chicago on Dec. 5. Gibbons, who was taller and heavier, got the decision.

Lily Williams, the female bicycle rider of Nebraska, has issued a challenge to ride a bicycle against any female in America for the championship.

Marty Bergen, the famous jockey, may never be able to ride in the pike again. He will have to undergo an operation to prevent his leg being amputated.

At Burlington, N. J., on Dec. 2, the Burlington A. A. added another victory to their long list by defeating the West Philadelphia team by a score of 22 to 4.

For the first time this season, the Wenona team of Manyunk, were scored against last week. The Wisconsin team being the lucky players. Wenona won by 30 to 2.

At an informal meeting of the Board of Commissioners recently it was unanimously adopted to refuse a license to the Ivy City Race Track to conduct winter racing there.

All prospect of Dick Burge and Jack Dempsey arranging a match is at an end for the present. Burge is matched to fight Harry Nickles for the 140-pound championship of England.

Wagg Harding, an English carman, who is coming to the front, has challenged Geo. Huber to row over the Thames championship course, from Putney to Mortlake, for £100 to £200 a side.

John Roberts, champion billiard player of England, has been matched to play J. North, one of the leading English billiard players, a game of 18,000 points up, spot barred, and allow North 4,000 points start.

Jack Harper, who seconded Jem Smith in the latter's battle with Jake Kilrain for \$10,000 and the "Police Gazette" heavyweight championship belt and many other notable battles, is reported dying in England.

Advices from Lima, Ind. state that Bud Lally has challenged Charlie Bisler, the winner of the 70-round fight, and the latter has accepted. He will meet Lally at 128 pounds, weigh in at the ring side, for \$500 a side.

Peter Jackson and Joe Choyinski are boxing in the National Theatre, Philadelphia. Jackson looks as big and strong as ever and says he feels confident about the outcome of his fight with Jim Corbett, if they ever meet again.

At Oakland, Cal., on Dec. 1, there was a great wrestling match between McLeod and White, two San Francisco wrestlers. McLeod used his hammer grip to great advantage, and won two successive falls. White then gave up the contest because his arm was almost broken.

Jack Levy called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and issued a challenge to meet Jimmy Gorman, of Passaic, N. J., at 100 pounds, according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$1,000 a side. Levy will agree to box with a limited number of spectators or any club offering largest purse.

At Hastings, Neb., there was a prize fight on Dec. 1 between two featherweights—Kid Carson, of Denver, and the Montana Kid, who claims Hastings as his home. They fought 4 rounds, Queensberry rules. In the fourth round the Montana Kid got in a knockout blow and was awarded the fight.

The well-known and popular Superintendent of Police Roger O'Mara of Pittsburgh, Pa., in an interview said that unless football play and races are modified before another year the police department will not permit it to be played. He says that in his opinion the game as played this year is more brutal than prize fighting with bare knuckles.

Stanton Abbott, the English lightweight champion, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he has signed articles of agreement to fight Jack Falvey in the Metropolitan Club, Providence, R. I., on January 2. Abbott adds that J. P. Slavin will train him for the event, and he will do most of his work in the gymnasium of the Metropolitan Club.

Jack Hall, the champion of Australia, who was matched to fight Walter Butler in the National Sporting Club, London, after training and going to the club on the night of the contest, refused to fight to the disgust of the large crowd who had assembled. The National Sporting Club were out and injured by the Australian showing the white feather.

The Olympic Club of New Orleans has bright prospects of the organization again resuming business. The majority of the merchants and business men believe that putting a stop to the glove contests keeps large amounts of money from New Orleans, and there is a strong feeling to overcome the opposition, which may end in contests, as they were carried on being allowed.

Ike Weir has challenged George Dixon to fight at 118 pounds for \$5,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" belt and the featherweight championship of the world. It is the ambition of Weir to win the "Police Gazette" belt, and since he defeated Billy Murphy, of Australia, a syndicate in Boston has agreed to furnish him backing to the amount of \$10,000. Weir means business.

Billy Plimmer, the champion 110 pound pugilist of the world, filed a successful engagement at Harry Miner's Eighth Avenue Theatre, the week ending Dec. 2. He added another victim to his already long list by whipping Maxey Haugh. Dolly Lyons also faced Joe McGrath, the Irish bantam champion, and succeeded in putting the latter to sleep after a few minutes' fighting.

At Fort Smith, Ark., recently, there was a shooting match between the Little Rock and Fort Smith Gun Clubs, at Schenck's Verain Park. The home team captured all the most important prizes. In the individual shoot Apperson, of the Little Rock team and Triesch, of the home team, tied.

When it came to the shoot off Triesch beat his opponent by a close score and captured \$15 by so doing.

Frank Ives, on Dec. 7, played two games with J. K. Heiser in New York, one of \$50 points and the other of \$50. In the first game he made a run of \$55 and an average of 100. He ran the second game out in 5 innings, averaging \$5. In the evening the first game played was one of \$50 points. Ives began proceedings with a run of \$55. He ran the game out in the next three innings, averaging 150 for the game.

Charley Kelly called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and issued the following:

NEW YORK, Dec. 3, 1893.

RICHARD K. FOX—I am prepared to arrange a match with Cook, of Brooklyn, who I recently defeated, upon any terms. Or I will meet any 110-pound pugilist in England or America for \$1,000 a side. "Police Gazette" rules to govern. I bar no man at the above weight and I am ready to arrange a match any time within twenty-four hours' notice at the POLICE GAZETTE.

**The Mexican Derby was run on the Perez course, Mexico City, Dec. 2. President Diaz and Mrs. Diaz, the Cabinet and Diplomatic Corps were present, together with the elite of Mexican society. In the pools the Mexicans learned readily the American system of betting and laid heavy wagers, especially on Mexican horses.**

**SUMMARY—The Mexican Derby, 1 1/4 miles; three-year-olds, with \$5,000 added. Francis Pope (Arkansas horse, owner R. H. Rice), won by a length and a half; Castanet, 119, same owner, second; Panini, 119, third; Dave C., 121, fourth. Time—2:34 1/2. St. Marguerite, Constantine and Inland also ran in the Derby.**

Jack Hibbard, on Nov. 21, started to walk 20 miles in 3 hours in London, England. There were long odds laid against his going the distance, let alone doing it in 3 hours. He walked his first mile in 7 minutes 30 seconds. Two miles was accomplished in 16 minutes 7 seconds, and he covered three miles in 24 minutes 37 seconds, and 4 miles was finished in 32 minutes 55 seconds, and odds of 5 to 4 was laid that he would accomplish the feat. At the expiration of 1 hour he had covered 7 miles. Hibbard increased his pace and won easily by 5 minutes 55 seconds. His full time for the 20 miles was 3 hours 56 minutes 7 seconds.

George Whistler, the "Police Gazette" champion water walker of America, gave a wonderful exhibition at Trenton, N. J. He walked several miles on the Delaware, and gave a great performance. The shoes Whistler walks on the water with are pneumatic and are made of rubber filled with inflated air. They are 2 feet long, 8 inches wide and come only to the ankle, as the foot fits in them and is held by suction. On the bottoms are delicate but perfect fins, and the two shoes are so light that they can be folded and carried in one's overcoat pocket. They can be thoroughly inflated in two minutes, and in the hands, or rather on the feet of an expert, they become sources of amusement.

John Holland, of 101 Washington street, Toronto, Canada, writes as follows:—"Andrew Howard, of Chicago, Ill., has issued a challenge in which he offers to match Charley Eckhardt, of the Garden City, to fight any man in Canada at 118 pounds, according to Queensberry rules, for \$500 a side. If Howard will post a forfeit of \$500, I will match Tommy Dixon, of Toronto, the featherweight champion of Canada, to fight Eckhardt for \$1,000 a side and the largest purse; or I will match Dixon to fight Eckhardt for \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side in private, and will arrange the match at 24 hours notice through Richard K. Fox, who can hold the stakes."

Peter Herget, better known as Young Mitchell, and Jim Ryan, of Australia, fought according to "Police Gazette" rules for a purse at Oakland, Cal., on Dec. 1. The pugilists stepped into the arena each weighing 150 pounds. Champion Jack McAuliffe refereed the fight. Ryan had the best of it up to the seventh round, and might have finished the fight had he been able to follow his advantage. Two blows on the chin and jaw made Mitchell very groggy, but at the end of the round Mitchell had considerably the best of it. The police stopped the fight in the eighth round, when the Australian had decidedly the best of it. Jack McAuliffe, the referee, declared the fight a draw.

Xavier Orlofsky, who represented Germany in the recent mounted broadsword competitions at the Madison Square Garden, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Dec. 4. He says he is very much disappointed at the treatment he received during the contests last week, and claims that he should have won. Orlofsky says that he would like to fight Ross for any amount of money, either on horseback or afoot. He is also particularly anxious to tackle Chas. Greco afoot, as the latter claimed during the exhibition that he was at great disadvantage on horseback. Orlofsky thinks with competent officials he would have little trouble in vanquishing Ross or Greco, and would like to hear from them in regard to making a match.

Arrangements are to be made in this city for a six-day go-as-you-please race open only to members of the National Guard to be held in Madison Square Garden in January. The race will be twelve hours a day and run by the "Police Gazette" six-day championship belt rules. It is expected every regiment in New York State will send an entry. The race is being promoted by George Kavachick, of C. 9th Regiment, National Guard of New York. Richard K. Fox has been requested to have the entries sent to the POLICE GAZETTE office and to offer a prize to the winner. Numerous athletes connected with the various regiments in the State have agreed to enter, and there is every probability that the affair will be a success.

On Dec. 2, Edward H. Garrison, the famous jockey, for the first time handled the flag at Benning, D. C., and did so well he will probably be engaged for the balance of the meeting. The weather was clear and the attendance good. The majority of the events were won by favorites, while strong second choices captured the others. In the fifth race Dutch Skater came with a rush at the end and won by a neck, but the judges placed Potawatomi and Hartford ahead of the winner, much to the disgust of those who had a bet on Dutch Skater. Glenfallon fell in the steeplechase, and Jockey Barry was carried unconscious from the field, but came to soon afterward. He received a severe shaking up and his collar bone was said to be broken.

At New Haven, Conn., on Dec. 4, the Yale and Harvard Freshmen wound up the college football season with their annual game on the Yale field. Contrary to all expectations, and to the disappointment of Harvard backers, who bet freely, giving odds of 3 to 1 on their team, Yale won by the handsome score of 30 to 4. The teams were:

Yale, '94.	Position.	Harvard, '94.
Louis Hinkley.....	Left end.....	Barton Judd.....
.....	Left tackle.....	Connor Sturges.....
.....	Left guard.....	Shaw Campbell.....
.....	Centre.....	Shen Chadwick.....
.....	Right guard.....	Leimber Murphy.....
.....	Right tackle.....	McConnell Bane.....
.....	Right end.....	Stevenson Finck.....
.....	Quarter-back.....	Beale Jerome.....
.....	Right half-back.....	Wrightington Pond.....
.....	Left half-back.....	Daniop Cochran.....
.....	Full-back.....	Lowring

The following cable was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

LONDON, Dec. 5, 1893.

RICHARD K. FOX—Ted Fritchard, the middleweight champion of England, called at the *Sporting Life* to-day and issued a challenge to fight Dan Creedon, the middleweight champion of Australia, at 16 stone for \$500 a side. Should J. D. Hopkins, the backer of Creedon, not accept, Fritchard will fight any middleweight in America for \$500 a side. The Wellington club have agreed to offer a purse of \$400.

NOTE—Fritchard's challenge is only an acceptance of the challenge issued by J. D. Hopkins, the backer of Creedon some time ago, when Hopkins posted \$500 with a responsible party and offered to match Creedon for \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side, agreeing to fight in England or America, give or take expenses. Creedon is willing to fight Fritchard and when the latter posts \$100 with the *Sporting Life* and forwards articles of agreement to the POLICE GAZETTE the match will be arranged, providing Creedon is allowed expenses to go to England.

**FREE—A Beautiful Double-Page Art Supplement**, printed in twelve colors and suitable for framing, will be given away with POLICE GAZETTE No. 854. For sale everywhere January 4th. Price only 10 cents.

## PREPARING FOR THE FIGHT.

No Doubt that the Fight Will  
Take Place in Jacksonville.

## BOTH CHAMPIONS TRAINING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Everything in connection with the static encounter between Jim Corbett and Charley Mitchell, who are to fight on Jan. 25, in the Duval Athletic Club, Jacksonville, Florida, for a purse, is going along serenely.

Corbett and his party left New York on Dec. 4. The party consisted of Wm. A. Brady, Joe Corbett, Tom Corbett, Dan Creedon, Tom Tracy, and twelve others. They were joined at Philadelphia by James J. Corbett and J. Porter Ashe. Corbett will show at different places on his way down to Florida. Corbett will train in the neighborhood of Jacksonville.

Billy Delaney and John McVey, who will train Corbett, are in Jacksonville.

When asked as to the location of the training quarters, Delaney said: "As yet nothing definite in that way has been settled. The location is immaterial to Corbett. He only stipulates that it shall be healthy."

Delaney says he has no doubt that the contest can be pulled off in Florida if Mitchell will come to time.

Shortly after Delaney and McVey arrived Mrs. James J. Corbett, Mrs. Delaney, Mr. F. G. Leake, the father of Mrs. Corbett, and Miss Howard, reached Jacksonville, and put up at the St. James Hotel. In an interview Mrs. Corbett said: "There's nothing domestic about pugilism, and my relations with my husband are chiefly domestic, but I know this much Jim is going to win this fight with Mitchell. He is bound to win it; he's got to win it. It's his business to win it, and Jim always attends strictly to business. If Mitchell doesn't back out the contest will come off here in Jacksonville beyond a doubt. Mr. Corbett says that he has no fears of any interference by the Governor. He has confidential information that convinces him that there will be no trouble."

Corbett is sincere in the belief that the Duval Athletic Club will be able to pull the fight off without interference, and says that whether they do or not, the \$2,500 which he has taken to pay the expenses of his training makes it obligatory upon him to go to Jacksonville to prepare for the meeting.

He is not so sure that Mitchell is sincere in his desire to fight, and thinks he will find some excuse for getting out of a meeting before the appointed day.

Charley Mitchell, after playing a successful engagement in New York, left for Philadelphia with his manager, Billy Thompson, of Australia, and Billy Woods, of Denver, Col. On Dec. 4 they boxed at the Walnut Street Theatre. Mitchell received a big reception and crowds followed him from the theatre to the hotel. Mitchell appeared to surprise many, who had not seen him box for over a year, by his wonderful activity and great improvement. Mitchell looked strong and hearty. In fact he is in about the shape he should be in on the eve of beginning strict training for a battle. Judging by his set-to with Woods, Mitchell has fallen off in speed as compared with his old-time form. Possibly it was his lack of condition, but Woods seemed to be the quicker man of the two, and Woods is not by any means a lively boxer. As compared with Corbett, Mitchell is very slow, but there is power in his every move, and experts think that what he lacks in speed and length of reach when he meets Corbett will be made up in fighting skill and experience and that he will have about equal chance with the American of winning. The set-to occurred between the second and third acts of "Glen-da-loagh." Mitchell says he shall train for his fight with Corbett near Philadelphia, and Hugh Davison, Billy Thompson and Billy Woods will assist.

Unless a majority of the leading lawyers and business men in Florida, and more particularly those of Jacksonville and adjacent cities in the Peninsular State, are greatly mistaken there will not be the slightest interference with the plans of the Duval Athletic Club, which institution has taken on a contract to "pull off" the Corbett-Mitchell boxing contest. All of the official information yet received, save the protest of Gov. Mitchell, has been of a most encouraging nature to the pugilists, and the fact that the sportsmen in this part of the country have begun betting on the probable result of the battle shows that they have confidence in the club. Surely its managers must have known what they were about in giving Corbett and Mitchell \$2,500 each for training expenses. Times are not so good in Florida that business men can afford to take such risks. A most important piece of information comes from a widely known New Yorker, having vast interests in Florida, who returned from the South recently. He said:

"There is in my opinion no doubt about the arrangements being carried out as scheduled. Although I have absolutely no interest in the affair, I have conversed in a casual way with dozens of lawyers in Florida upon the legal points of the matter. The consensus of opinion is that no law exists in the State which can prevent the contest."

"Since the next meeting of the legislature is a year off, I cannot see how Gov. Mitchell's protest can damage the club's prospects. He will hardly call a special meeting of the State lawmakers for the purpose of framing a statute prohibiting glove contests, since all of the leading business men of Jacksonville are in favor of allowing the fight to take place. It will certainly carry thousands of dollars into the State which would not go there but for this big boxing engagement."

Representative railroad men, whose lines extend into Florida, are already making arrangements for special trains, and within ten days it is probable that an excursion rate will be established which will be low enough to suit sportsmen with limited capital.

Mike F. Dwyer wants to bet \$10,000 on Corbett at 2 to 1. Dwyer says: "There has been very little money shown up, but this is not strange, of course, for lively betting on a fight hardly ever begins when the fight is so far off. So I don't look for much Mitchell money to show up until about a week or ten days before the fight. I'm confident that Corbett will win; so is everybody who knows anything at all about the two men. I shall be at the Hotel Indian River, at the Rock Lodge, nearly all winter, and don't expect to follow up this contest very closely, but my money is in New York and awaiting takers."

J. E. T. Bowden, one of the principals of the Jacksonville syndicate, returned from Tallahassee, the State capital, the other night, where he had been for some days in attendance upon the Governor. That his quest was successful was naturally inferred when he began his trip throughout the State to find a training spot for the principals. When asked about it he replied:

"I am not saying anything just now. What ever happened there is a secret, but you may be sure that if I thought the fight was to be prevented I shouldn't do much more work in preparing for it. I am working every day getting things arranged, and from that you may draw your own conclusions."

It is understood that the State authorities have had their say and that nothing further will be done by them, as the State laws do not give them the authority they think they should have to prevent a contest of the kind named in the articles.

In company with President Harman, of the Jacksonville, Mayport and Pablo Railroad, Bowden visited Mayport, at the mouth of the St. Johns river, twenty miles from Jacksonville, to inspect the accommodations offered by the railroad people for Corbett or Mitchell. It is well located, convenient to Jacksonville and has a magnificent level beach that stretches for miles in one long, solid floor bed, affording the best of training ground. It has two small hotels or boarding houses and is a small hamlet, probably just the place that they will like. The accommodations there are not so good as those afforded at Ormond or at some other place on Halifax river. When all these bids are in the syndicate, in conjunction with the representatives of Mitchell and Corbett, will take action and select the one that promises the best ground.

The people of Jacksonville are all of them practically unanimous in their desire to have the big fight come off in that city, and at a meeting of the City Council last week an ordinance was passed to its third reading permitting glove contests with

gloves weighing not less than five ounces upon payment of a license fee of \$50. This was done without opposition, nearly every member being present and voting.

The ordinance was about to be put upon its third and final reading when some objection was raised on a technicality, so the passage was put off till next week. There is no doubt of the ordinance passing at that meeting. This action will disarm the Governor, for the municipality of Jacksonville has full authority under its charter to regulate all such matters.

Richard K. Fox has received the following letter from Charley Mitchell:

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 9, 1893.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Friend: Just a few lines to inform you that I am doing preliminary training, and that I am enjoying the best of health. I am certain that the contest will now take place, and believe me, Mr. Fox, I am pleased, because I should feel ashamed of myself if I failed to meet Corbett after all that I have been going on for over two years. Many persons believe I have no intention of entering the ring. My past record should prove to the contrary. I faced John L. Sullivan when he was in his palmy days, when I only weighed 145 pounds, in Madison Square Garden, New York. I again faced him in France, when sporting men were laying \$4 to 1 that I would not enter the ring. Sullivan was in his prime when we met in France, and prize ring chronology tells how the battle terminated. In the coming contest does the "Police Gazette" heavy-weight championship belt go to the winner? or is it to be fought for without gloves? You can inform me on the subject. You can rest assured I shall meet Corbett and not back out. Of course we don't know who is going to win till the numbers go up, but I have a sort of presentiment that my number will be somewhere about the top. I may be mistaken, but I don't feel I am. I'm giving away a lot of height, but I have fetched 'em down before when they've been 6 inches taller than me and weighed twice as much. I used to feel there was no man in the world could beat me if he weighed a ton and was as tall as a giant. Sullivan was the only man between me and the championship of the world in those days. All the others were easy enough. So why shouldn't I have an outside chance with Corbett? Corbett talks about printing, but I'll bet \$5,000 that he will do the first springing, and another \$5,000 that I'll score the first clean knockdown. Now, if Mr. Corbett or Mr. Brady are so confident, there's a chance for them. My money says Corbett will not stay with me and fight, and that once he begins to sprint he will not come back to me. What the final result will be I can't say, but I'll bet that I get the first knockdown. I go to Boston next week, and then I shall go into training near here, and will not leave for Florida until January 30. With best wishes and regards, I remain,

CHARLEY MITCHELL.

George Dixon and the "Police Gazette" BELT.

(From the Morning News, New Haven.)

George Dixon, the champion feather-weight of the world, who appears at Bunnell's Grand Opera House the first of this week, is the possessor of a very beautiful belt, which was presented to him by Richard K. Fox, the owner and editor of the POLICE GAZETTE. This belt has been on exhibition in the window of Machol's tailor shop on Chapel street, and is a marvelous piece of workmanship. It is of silver, and represents the prize ring, posts and all. In this ring, which consists of two silver chains fastened to plain silver posts, are large shields, bearing upon them different designs, wrought in raised work. The center shield is a magnificent silver shield, having a semi-circle of precious stones, rubies, diamonds, emeralds and sapphires, at the top, flanked on either side by raised flags, emblematic of America, England and Ireland, made of Russian enamel. In the lower portion of this central shield is a porcelain disc, with a likeness of Dixon. This shield is also inscribed with the donor, in raised letters of gold. The whole belt is very beautiful, indeed, and descriptions do not do it justice. It must be seen to be appreciated, and all who cannot see Dixon at the Grand in some one of his performances, should at least look in Machol's window and see the belt.

BOB FITZSIMMONS WINS.

Advices from New Orleans to the POLICE GAZETTE state that Bob Fitzsimmons, the conqueror of Jack Dempsey, Peter Maher and Jim Hall, beat the State of Louisiana in a federal contest that has been going on before the U. S. District Court in New Orleans.

When Fitzsimmons and Hall fought three eventful four rounds in the arena of the Crescent City Athletic Club for a purse of \$40,000, among the payments the victor received were four votes amounting to \$2,500. When the votes fell due and were not paid Fitzsimmons sued the club for the amount. The State of Louisiana, through the Attorney-General, shortly after sued the club for \$10,000 license and then filed the application for an injunction restraining the club from paying over any moneys to Fitzsimmons, as well as asking for the appointment of a receiver. Fitzsimmons came back at the State with a motion to dissolve the injunction. Judge Mills denied the State's application for an injunction and he dismissed the suit of the State and rendered a decision in favor of Fitzsimmons. The State was taxed for costs.

At Annapolis, Md., on Dec. 2, the Naval cadets demonstrated their superiority at football over the Military cadets. Throughout the game the greatest enthusiasm was displayed by the spectators, among whom were many army and navy officers and Washington officials. The attendance numbered about ten thousand. The teams lined up as follows:

Naval Cadets.	Position.	Military Cadets.
McCauley.....	Left end.....	Nolan
Castlemaine.....	Left tackle.....	Lott
Morris.....	Left guard.....	McCauley
Kavanaugh (captain).....	Centre.....	McCauley
.....	Right guard.....	Smith
.....	Right tackle.....	Altman
McCorrick.....	Right end.....	McCauley
Bookwalter.....	Quarter-back.....	Creedon
Kimball.....	Left half-back.....	Sutton
Davison.....	Right half-back.....	Stacy
Begley.....	Full-back.....	Stacy
Umple.....	Full-back.....	Stacy
Umple.....	Full-back.....	Stacy

Agostino Greco, the champion swordsman of Italy, and Duncan C. Ross, the champion of America, met at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Dec. 8 to arrange a match to fight with broadswords for \$1,000 a side. Greco was accompanied by several Italians, who appeared eager to arrange the match. Ross was on hand, and he had a draft on the Western Union for \$50, sent by Inspector Ross, of the Chicago police force, to back him. Ross wanted to arrange the contest to stand and fight, but Greco insisted horses should be used. After a long discussion the Italian champion agreed to meet Ross in a mounted contest for \$1,000 a side. Articles of agreement were drawn up and signed for the rival champions to engage in a mounted broadsword contest according to "Police Gazette" rules. Each side deposited \$500 with Richard K. Fox, who was agreed upon as final stakeholder. The contest is to be decided within two weeks from Dec. 7, and is to be the best seven in seven rounds. It will take place in New York.

Since Joe Darby, the champion jumper, has been in this country he has issued several challenges to jump against any man in America at his style of jumping. James C. Medway, the American champion, was willing to meet the English champion, but engagements he had contracted prevented him from doing so. Darby will now have a first-class opportunity to arrange a match if he will send a deposit to the POLICE GAZETTE office, as will be seen by the following:

NEW YORK, Dec. 9, 1893.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: My attention having been drawn to a challenge in your valuable columns from Mr. J. Jones, backer of Joe Darby, the English champion trick jumper, to James C. Medway, the American champion trick jumper, wherein Mr. Jones offers to back Mr. Darby to jump against Mr. Medway, backwards and forwards, for \$2,500 a side, with weights, please notify Mr. Jones, backer of Mr. Darby, that I will meet him in conjunction with Harry Webb, Medway's manager, at any time suitable to Mr. Jones, to make a match and sign articles for the above named amount, to jump inside of four weeks after signing articles.

THOMAS BONE.

Auctioneer, 11 University Place New York City.

Corbett and Mitchell in Prize Ring Costume, handsome cabinet photo-graphs, and any other pugilist actor and actress you want. Price, 10 cents each. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



## FACTS ABOUT THE MEN.

Mitchell Should Stand a Fair Chance with Corbett.

FRIENDS OF BOTH CONFIDENT.

The international athletic encounter between Charley Mitchell, the boxing champion of England, and Jim Corbett, the boxing champion of America, who are to battle in the arena of the Duval Athletic Club, Jacksonville, Florida, on January 23, for a purse of \$20,000, is creating considerable interest in the sporting circles, not only in this country but in all parts of the world. Both athletic gladiators have world-wide reputations. Mitchell has fought in England, France and this country, while several of his encounters have been with nature's weapons unadorned, while Corbett's two important contests have been fought with gloves and by Queensberry rules. Mitchell has been engaged in the most battles, and he has had more experience than Corbett in prize ring matters, for the latter has not been in the ring as long as Mitchell. The majority of sporting men do not believe Mitchell has any chance of defeating Corbett, while others firmly believe he will not dare face his opponent in the ring. Why sporting men should think Mitchell will not face the music on Jan. 23, I cannot imagine. He never has refused to meet the enemy, and he has always been ready and eager for the fray in any contest he arranged. I remember in the summer of 1883, Mitchell, then a mere youth, a slight middleweight, for he only weighed 154 pounds in his clothes and untrained, agreed to meet John L. Sullivan, the prize ring champion of the world. Mitchell claimed Sullivan could not knock him out according to Queensberry rules in four rounds. The match was ratified and Sullivan trained at Batou, while Mitchell trained at Saratoga, N. Y. There were not nine men in ten who believed the British boxing champion would dare face Sullivan, whose name at that time was a terror to every man who boasted of being a pugilist. Mitchell upset everyone's calculations by entering the ring, and he looked an infant in front of Sullivan, who weighed nearly 200 pounds. Mitchell weighed 143 pounds. The Englishman, of course, stood no chance of defeating Sullivan. It is prize ring history that he knocked Sullivan down, but in the third round of the contest, Sullivan's tremendous blows and his great strength told the tale, and had not the police stopped the encounter, Mitchell no doubt would have been defeated.

Mitchell agreed to meet Sullivan again and at once arrangements were made for the rival boxers to meet. Mitchell had put on flesh. He was more matured and there was every prospect of his doing better in the second than in the first essay. Mitchell was on hand eager and ready for the fray, which was to have been decided in Madison Square, New York, but Sullivan after arriving in New York went on a spree and was unable to box. Again I remember, in the fall of 1887, I was in London, England, at the time John L. Sullivan had reached the great English metropolis, and he had issued a challenge to fight any man in England for £500 a side. Sullivan was not the champion of America at this time, he having forfeited the title to Jake Kilrain in June, 1887. The latter was also in England training at Westcott-by-the-Sea to fight Jim Smith, the champion of England, for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" belt and the championship of the world. Mitchell picked up the gauntlet Sullivan had thrown down and agreed to fight Sullivan, not according to the rules when he had met Sullivan in New York, but according to London prize ring rules, the same rules under which John L. Sullivan fought when he first won the championship by defeating Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City, Miss., on Feb. 7, 1885. I was present in the Royal Aquarium, London, when the meeting was called to arrange the match. No sooner were the articles signed, and that fact flashed by cable to America, than nearly every sporting man declared Mitchell would never enter the ring and face Sullivan with bare fists. I maintained he would and also claimed that he would give Sullivan a close race for the \$5,000.

The battle was fixed for March 10, 1888, and on that day which will always be historical in prize ring history, Mitchell made his trainers at the loss. Mitchell on that occasion demonstrated he was a first-class general, a champion at wrestling and a thorough pugilist. I am certain there is not one friend or foe of the British boxing champion who witnessed his protracted struggle with Sullivan, when the latter was Sullivan, who will have the least doubt of his meeting Jim Corbett.

I cannot see how judges of prize fighting figure that Corbett has such a sure thing of defeating Mitchell. Corbett was not able to defeat Jackson when the latter was compelled to enter the ring a cripple, he having been thrown out of a buggy and his ankle and hip injured, the accident occurring so close to the fight he had no chance to recover. One would suppose if Corbett was an aggressive fighter he should have certainly defeated Jackson when they fought 61 rounds in 4 hours and 5 minutes. Again it took over one hour for Corbett to defeat John L. Sullivan on Sept. 7, 1887, when Sullivan was fat as a porcupine, had no activity and acted more like a burly brewer than a fighting gladiator. I witnessed Corbett defeat Sullivan and I thought it was the most monotonous and uninteresting contest I ever saw. Corbett, of course, won, but it is an open question whether Corbett defeated Sullivan or the latter defeated himself. If I was to take a line on the previous performances of the rival champions, I should judge by Mitchell's fight with Sullivan in 1887, when the latter was a first-class pugilist and an aggressive one, and Corbett's battle with Sullivan when the latter was stale, unwieldy and unfit to contend in any kind of a contest, and analyze this way: If Mitchell could fight Sullivan to a standstill when Sullivan was a hero, why should he not stand a first-class chance of defeating Corbett, whose best prize ring performance was defeating John L. Sullivan, when any first-class heavyweight could do the same?

Mitchell has greatly improved since he met John L. Sullivan in 1888. He is more matured and just in his prime. He is one of the most scientific boxers now living. If not the premier, he displays all the superior requisites of the science of the many art of self-defense. His attitude is manly, and even in the most trying moments of a boxing contest or a prize ring encounter, his posture is graceful. Mitchell is considered handicapped by sporting men because Corbett is taller, heavier and has the advantage in length of reach. It is true Corbett will have these advantages in his favor, but Mitchell has strength, science and experience, and he can without the least doubt hit a harder blow than Corbett. I do not think Corbett's height will in any way prevent Mitchell from landing effective blows. It did not prevent Tom Sayers from landing on John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, on April 18, 1880, when Sayers only stood 5 feet 10½ inches, and Heenan was over 6 feet in height. That battle clearly demonstrated that there was more than height and science necessary. Heenan had the height and science, but Sayers had the stamina and hard hitting abilities, although he was devoid of science, for he could not box or make a first-class act-to in public. In my opinion, Corbett possesses just as much science as Mitchell, but I have my doubts about his ability to strike as hard as the British boxing champion. In regard to courage it must be acknowledged he is, to use the vernacular, as game as a pebble.

In my opinion the proposed battle between Corbett and Mitchell will be one of the most scientific encounters ever witnessed. Corbett will not throw any chances away, while Mitchell, who not only fights with his fists, but his head, will not lose an opportunity. I have seen Mitchell box several times since he returned to this country, with the intention of defeating Corbett, and I must say he has greatly improved, and he is twenty per cent a better gladiator than when he fought John L. Sullivan. Corbett also, as far as boxing is concerned,

carries a first-class certificate, but public boxing with picked partners and contending with opponents for a prize, purse or stake are two different things.

It has become an open question whether football, as the game is now played, is not more brutal than glove contests, which I do not admit are brutal. Football is nothing more than rough-and-tumble fighting, in which twenty-two, instead of two, engage. Just look how many football players have been maimed and crippled by following the pastime, not speaking of those who have been killed. In this respect prize fighting is infinitely less dangerous. When you step into the roped arena and don the gloves you have only one man's hands against you, one man's strength to oppose, one man's intentions to combat. This is what makes a scientific exhibition with gloves a fascinating performance. To see a gloved fist shoot out straight for the chin, then fly into the air with a lightning parry, is just as clean a bit of sport, in its way, as to watch a slow, resistless, bone-breaking wedge that leaves its victims groaning on the ground without knowing how they were injured. As I said before, neither sport is necessarily brutal, but as to danger they cannot be mentioned on the same day. In the matter of danger, football, as played at present, is about on a level with prize fighting in the days of the iron-knuckled Roman castra. Then it was almost a certainty that one or the other of the gladiators would come out of the fray, if he came out at all, with broken bones or life-lasting scars. Still the victim had the advantage of knowing where his injuries were coming from, and of fighting against them to the best of his ability. Since those days boxing has developed, both scientifically and as regards the elimination of brutality and danger. We get our notions of the degrading tendency of the sport from the old bare-knuckle days, when men were allowed to fall upon each other with feet and knees, as they often do in modern football. While boxing has advanced with steady strides as a sport, football has retrograded. As it is now played, it is a perversion of the original sport. It is scientific enough, but it has become all ball and no foot. For all practical purposes, two teams might as well struggle for the possession of a keg of beer. The exigencies of the sport make it necessary to choose players who are noteworthy for their "hard, fierce tackling" and their ability to make the man with the ball feel that a "house has fallen upon him." Men who can do this are sure of a position on a college eleven.

What puzzles me is the authorities prevent glove contests and allow football matches, and yet it is seldom any one is injured in a glove contest. Boxing is only brutal where the men fight with bare fists or under old rules, but this seldom occurs nowadays. Football is only brutal when players lose their temper, strike with their fists, or try to injure an opponent by jumping upon him with their feet or knees. It is seldom that a game is played that slugging does not occur. I do not remember to have ever seen a contest that some of the players did not slug and that others were not slugged. This is worse than prize fighting, because the slugging takes place when the men are at the boiling point of anger. Prize fighters strike calmly and dispassionately, and often smile while they are being struck. A football player clenches his teeth and snarls in because he is fighting mad, and all the worst elements of his immortal soul are just then on the surface. This is the "brutality" of football.

By the way, no one can help but admire the indomitable pluck and enterprise of Dominick O'Malley, the president of the Columbian Athletic Club. He is using every lawful means to bring off glove contests in Roby, Ind., in spite of the powers that be. He has been arrested, and the settlement of his case is now pending before the Indiana courts. He has defied the Governor of the State, who has issued an edict against all forms of athletic contests and threatened the aid of the militia to help him preserve peace and order, as he constructs the law. O'Malley had arranged a series of glove fights to be held, but he learned that Gov. Matthews had ordered several Indiana Regiments to Roby to arrest every person who entered the club house, and to save his friends and patrons he decided to postpone the affair. The Attorney-General of Indiana has given the opinion that the Governor exceeded his authority in ordering out the militia on such a pretext, and as commander-in-chief of the State troops he is liable to court-martial. Finding O'Malley such an indomitable foe, the Governor has begun new tactics to justify his apprehension on criminal grounds. He has emissaries employed in looking up O'Malley's past record, and it is understood that the latter's alleged connection with the New Orleans Mafia outrage, for which it is said, he was forced to quit the Crescent City, will furnish the spile the occasion they require to expel O'Malley from Indiana State. Truly this whole business savors more of individual persecution than an effort to a great public good.

REFEREE.

### BOXING TOURNAMENT IN PHILADELPHIA.

The boxing tournament of the A. C. S. N., at Philadelphia, was well attended on Dec. 2. The first bout was between 115-pound man, William Tucker, of Elizabeth, N. J., and M. McCoe, of New York. Neither man seemed to know very much about the science of self defense, but both were willing and went at each other in a lively fashion. No damage was done in the first two rounds. In the third hand blows were given and taken on both sides, with Tucker getting the better of it. The fourth was even, with both men weak. The fifth found both men weary. Both made a rally in the sixth, but the work was very even. Tucker got the decision.

Two 125-pounders, T. J. Gaffney, of Bethlehem, and M. Rodriguez, of New York, appeared for the second bout. The first round demonstrated that Gaffney would be an easy winner. Rodriguez appearing to know nothing of boxing. In the second round it became such a farce that the referee stopped the bout and declared Gaffney the winner. Mike Caffrey, of Philadelphia, and Mike Hughes, of New York, boxed at 135 pounds. In the fourth round Hughes went to work on Caffrey's face and stomach, and the latter grew weak. Hughes kept plugging away at his man in the fourth and fifth rounds and won easily. Caffrey got in two or three good blows towards the end and took away some of Hughes' courage. The last bout of the evening was between Gus Turner, of Elizabeth, N. J., who bested Phil McKeary a month ago in the same ring, and Andrew Smith of Philadelphia. The boys weighed in at 115 pounds. Smith at the start seemed bent on getting in a hard blow with his right, but Turner was too clever for him. The Jerseyman kept jabbing Smith in the face with his left until the claret began to flow, and then kept pegging away at the same spot, finally with both hands. Smith tried to rush in the sixth round, but Turner was the better rasher and easily got the decision.

### EDWARD PAYSON WESTON HAS A RIVAL.

Richard K. Fox offers to back William E. Harding to either walk E. P. Weston from New York to Albany, or wager from \$1,000 to \$2,500 Harding can beat Weston's time in the latter's proposed walk from New York to Albany, N. Y. Mr. Fox says: "Seeing that Edward Payson Weston is to attempt to walk from the Battery to the Capitol in Albany in seventy-two consecutive hours, which is a wonderful feat for a pedestrian of Weston's years, should he fall or succeed in his effort, I will wager from \$1,000 to \$2,500 that Wm. E. Harding, the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who has not figured in the pedestrian arena since 1880, can walk from the Bowling Green, New York, to the Capitol, Albany, N. Y., in less than seventy-two hours. Or I will wager either of the above amounts, if E. P. Weston is willing to contend for money, that William E. Harding can defeat him in a fair heel and toe contest from New York to Albany any time that is suitable to Mr. Weston, in four or six weeks from signing articles. The start to be made at the POLICE GAZETTE office, Franklin Square, to the Argus office in Albany, N. Y. Should this proposition be accepted by Weston or his backers, the match can be ratified at any time or at any place appointed."

RICHARD K. FOX.

Up to Date! "A Modern Siren," by Ernest Daudet. No. 17, FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. A pathetic tale of man's duplicity and woman's weakness. Vividly illustrated. Price, sent by mail, securely wrapped 50 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, N. Y.

## POINTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS

ALL THE CHAMPIONS USE THE POLICE GAZETTE STANDARD BOXING GLOVES

CHAMPION-Tan or Brown Kid. Two, Four, Five, Six and Eight Ounce. Price, Per Set of Four, \$7.50.

EXHIBITION-White or Brown Kid. Six and Eight Ounce. Price, Per Set of Four, \$6.00.

AMATEUR-White Kid Only. Six and Eight Ounce. Price, Per Set of Four, \$4.00.

The Best Made and Finest Glove in the Market.

Made from the best quality Kid and stuffed with the finest grade of curled hair. Every glove absolutely perfect. No gloves sent C. O. D. Cash must accompany all orders. Address

RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

J. A. Knightville, Ind.—Thanks.  
P. A. W., New York City.—B wins.  
D. G. Chicago, Ill.—No money is posted.  
D. S. Cherry Valley, N. Y.—It is a foul hand.  
H. A. L., Slaterville, W. Va.—A is correct.  
D. M., Donaldsonville, La.—Yes; send photos.  
W. S. S., Altona, Wis.—There is no official record.  
E. W., Medford, Wis.—John Slaton is the proprietor.  
L. S., Sharon, Pa.—Thanks for letter. Keep us posted.  
P. W., Baltimore, Md.—Send on a forfeit with challenge.  
H. J. L., Pittsburg, Pa.—Your answers were not correct.  
S. H. B., South Bend, Wash.—We cannot understand your query.

FOUR READERS Harrisburg, Pa.—Evan Lewis of Barneyville, Wis.

F. J. L., Akron, Col.—If A opens, he must either bet or throw in his hand.

B. W. W., Virginia City, Mont.—B has a right to cut the cards at any time.

S. G. S., Ft. Howard, Wis.—Address a letter to Dunraven Castle, Ireland.

No NAME, Weir City, Kan.—Peter Jackson is thirty-three years of age.

C. F. K., Sioux City.—We do not advertise such firms' addresses free gratis.

T. M., New York.—Send on a deposit and you can be accommodated with a match.

H. F., Chicago, Ill.—1. High, low, Jack, game. 2. Lewis has always defeated Acton.

I. C. K., Baltimore, Md.—It is an open question, you can claim it in any country.

DICK, Mobile, Ala.—John L. Sullivan was counted out in his battle with Jim Corbett.

E. S., Richmond, Va.—Apply at the American News Company, Duane street, New York.

O. L. L., Valparaiso, Ind.—Peter Jackson and Jim Corbett never fought a draw. A win.

A. K., New York.—We have no time to transact business outside the POLICE GAZETTE office.

B. N. T., Havana, Neb.—1. 2 minutes 13 2-5 seconds. 2. Peter Jackson was born in 1851.

SUBSCRIBER, Greenfield, Mass.—The fastest time for 400 yards is 52 seconds. No record for 400.

J. M., South Omaha, Neb.—With the exception of Tommy Ryan, they are of Jewish descent.

F. S., New Whetsum, Wash.—1. No. 2. All players should be helped after the card was faced.

A. B., Chicago, Ill.—Yes; he defeated George Le Blanche. His portrait never appeared in this paper.

J. M., Waltham, Pa.—Jack Dempsey has not fought George Le Blanche since the latter defeated him.

W. J., Morrisville, N. J.—The address of Artie O'Neil, the pugilist, is 148 W. Grand avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

G. W. M., El Paso, Tex.—We do not know, neither did we ever hear of any such person holding such a title.

C. H. A., Jr., Perry, Ill.—The fastest recorded and official time for running 100 yards by a man is 9-5 seconds.

M. F. R., Greensburg, Pa.—One is as good as the other; hearts are no better than diamonds, spades or clubs.

G. B. B., Attica, M. Y.—1. No; it is optional. 2. If the party is a champion he must accept or forfeit the title.

G. M. R., Baton Rouge, La.—Sullivan weighed 194 pounds when he fought Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City, Miss., Feb. 7, 1885.

M. J. E., Mahanoy City, Pa.—Address a letter to Thomas Byrnes, Superintendent of the Police, Mulberry street, New York.

R. W. P., Latonia, Ky.—1. Billy Lakeland is James R. & Foxhall Keene's trainer. 2. Yes, he is the same party who owned Killa.

J. L. R., New Haven, Conn.—Salvator ran on a straight course against time when he made his record. Marty Berzon rode him.

W. F., Harrisburg, Pa.—The address of Prof. Wm. Clark, better known as the Belfast Chicken, is 19th and Pine streets, St. Louis, Mo.

G. F. A., St. Louis.—If you will state whether the game was Continuous Clineh and how many points the game was to be we will answer.

S. E., Syracuse, N. Y.—The following answer is correct: The device, tray, four, five and six of any suit constitutes a straight, or royal flush.

J. B., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Charley Mitchell was not knocked out when he fought John L. Sullivan at Madison Square Garden, New York.

C. H. A., Jr., Perry, Ill.—1. John L. Sullivan has been knocked down by James A. Hogan, Charley Mitchell and Jim Corbett. 2. Yes.

T. W., Beaver, Mo.—Fullerton won the Waterloo Cup three times. Send 25 cents and we will send you a book containing the Waterloo Cup winners.

INQUIRIST, New York.—Tommy White has fought numerous battles in the prize ring. He is a recognized featherweight, but never held any championship.

J. F. M., Carbonate City, Pa.—The referee's decision settles the question. If there was a foul and the referee would not entertain the claim there was no redress and the stakeholder must pay the money.

PUGILIST, New York.—Charley Mitchell and Jack Burke, the Irish Lad, have met four times, once in England and three times in America. They boxed in Madison Square Garden, Germania Hall and in Chicago.

A. B. S., San Antonio, Tex.—Your question is one upon which there are no rules to decide. A. when he failed to call the winner of the third race, lost; but even if he had called the third race correct he had no chance of winning, as the fourth was declared off, which would prevent him naming four winners.

In the spirit of fair play we think the best should be declared off.

S. J. W., New York City.—The following are the champion bicycle riders of England from 1 to 30 miles: M. W. Harris at 1 mile; his record is 5 minutes 4 1-5 seconds, standing start, made Oct. 5, 1893. Fred Pope is the 2-mile champion; his record is 5 minutes 20 1-5 seconds. Pope is also the 5-mile champion. His record for 5 miles is 11 minutes 11 seconds. John L. Stokes is the 10, 20 and 25-mile champion. His record for 10 miles is 22 minutes 11 seconds; 20 miles, 49 minutes 5 seconds; 25 miles, 59 minutes 50 seconds.

J. J. H., Chicago, Ill.—Frank Hart won a six-day race at Madison Square Garden, New York, Dec. 22 to 29, 1879, covering 540 miles 230 yards in 141 hours 35 minutes and 40 seconds, beating Fred Krohne, Chris. Faber and Wm. Pegram, colored. He won another 6-day race in Madison Square Garden, New York, April 6 to 10, 1880, covering 545 miles 165 yards in 141 hours 24 minutes and 30 seconds. He beat Harry Howard, Wm. Pegram, etc. He won the "Police Gazette" championship belt in Boston, Mass., Aug. 5, 1885, covering 557 miles, defeating John Hughes, George D. Noremack, Charles A. Harriman, etc.

W. C. B., Pittsburg, Pa.—The fighting dog, Time, who fought John recently in New Jersey, was owned by N. S. Kelly, of 174 Walabout St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Time was bred by Jonathan Martin, of Pittsburg, out of Tiger and Nell. He fought at 30 pounds. Time defeated John McCarthy's Sport in 15 minutes, Oct. 25, 1891, for \$200. He beat Mr. Reed's dog, Jack, in 32 minutes—March 28, 1892, for \$200. Defeated Patrick Mullin's Jack of New York, on March 29, 1892, for \$50 a side. Time killed Jack in 1 hour 55 minutes. Time then fought Patrick Mullin's dog, John, from Boston, at 35 pounds for \$500. The fight lasted 4 hours 18 minutes. Time scratched but was cheated out of the fight by the partisans of John jumping into the pit and stopping him from getting hold of John.

H. G., New York.—Arthur Valentine, the English lightweight, issued a challenge to box any man in the world, either in England or America. Valentine is only 19 years of age. He stands 5 feet 4 inches in height and weighs 133 pounds in condition. He has been prominently before the public for the past two years, during which time he has won many competitions and contests. He beat Jack Cook of Westminster, ten rounds; beaten by Tom Ford of Westminster, in fourteen rounds, but soon after turned the tables by beating Ford in eleven rounds, at Brixhill; beat Bill Bridger of Brixton, in twelve rounds; was beaten by Jim Bond of Waltham, in twenty rounds; beat Punch Laws of Lambeth, in twelve rounds; beat Punch Elmer of Notting Hill, in twelve rounds; ran up to Geo. Johnson in a 9 stone competition at Milton Hall, Kentish Town; ran up to Charley Roberts in an 8 stone 6 pound competition at the Pelican Club; won Frank Hinde's 8 stone 6 pound competition at Her Majesty's Theatre last Easter week, was beaten by Bill Corbett of Lambeth, in six rounds; beat Bill Leavitt of Lambeth, in two rounds; beat Ernie Simmonds of Waltham, in four rounds, at the Pelican Club. Valentine's last battle was with Tim Racey, who he defeated in Battersea, London, England, in twelve rounds lasting 47 minutes.

W. S. J., Jersey City.—Martin Denny was born in Sydney, N. S. W., on Jan. 1, 1869. He stands 5 feet 8½ inches in height, and can box in condition at 9 stone 5 pounds. He has been boxing about four years, his first engagement being in competitions, of which he won three in succession. The events took place in Sydney, after which he went to Melbourne, where he fought a 10-round draw with Tom Duggan, the latter being fully 10 pounds heavier, beat Nipper Peakes at the Melbourne Athletic Club in 14 rounds for £100, beat Sam Baxter (the lightweight champion of England) for £100, but on Baxter retiring after 35 rounds, the contest was declared no fight. This was in April, 1891. Next he defeated Billy Mattier in 4 rounds for £200 at the Melbourne Athletic Club; went back to Sydney and fought Young Griffe (champion featherweight of the world), fully 6,000 people witnessed the fight, and after 35 rounds a draw was declared, each man receiving £200 of the gate money. Besides these engagements Denny has taken part in several others, and has won in all thirteen contests in addition to four drawn battles. He left Australia in the latter end of March, 1892, and landed in San Francisco. Traveled through the United States, and was matched in Chicago against Austin Gibbons for a £700 purse, at 9 stone 7 pounds. But as Gibbons wanted to scale at 9 stone 9 pounds, the match fell through. Thence came to New York, where no match could be arranged, owing to which Martin Denny went to England, arriving at Southampton in the end of last June. Went to London in due course, and deposited £50 at the Sporting Life office to box Arthur Valentine or any other man in England at 9 stone 5 pounds. This deposit was only withdrawn after lying at the office some time without being covered. His last battle was with Joe Lambert in London, Eng., whom he defeated.

### A TROPHY FOR THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.

In order to bring about an international billiard match for the championship of the world between Phil Gardner and Vignaux the famous French experts, and Frank Ives, Jacob Schaefer and George Slosson, Richard K. Fox has decided to offer a valuable billiard trophy to represent the billiard championship of the world. The trophy will be known as the Richard K. Fox Championship of the World Billiard Trophy, and it will be open to every billiard player in the world to compete for providing he complies with the rules. Mr. Fox has not decided upon the design for the trophy, whether it will be a medal, cup or cue, but the trophy will be one well worthy of the billiard championship.

The conditions that will govern all contests for the Richard K. Fox Championship Trophy have not yet been settled, as Mr. Fox desires to find Ives', Schaefer's and Slosson's views on the subject, but it is the general opinion at present that all contests will be played by the 14-inch ball line and 35,000 points up.

After the trophy has been competed for and won, the successful competitor will be compelled to defend the trophy against all challengers and accept all bona fide challenges and either accept or forfeit the title of champion and the trophy.

It will also be in order for the holder of the Richard K. Fox Championship Billiard Trophy to have the selection of the place for any contest that may be arranged while he possesses the trophy. The referee in all contests will be mutually agreed upon and all contestants in matches for the trophy may mutually agree upon the amount of stakes to be played for, but in no contest shall the stakes be less than \$1,000, and the holder of the trophy must play for the championship against any one challenging for the title, provided the challenger is ready and willing to play for \$1,000 a side. The trophy will become the personal property of any billiard player who shall win it three times in succession, or hold it three years against all comers.

The offer of Richard K. Fox will increase the amount of interest in billiards and possibly bring about several international matches, and there will never be any dispute in regard to who holds the title.

### NOT AN INTENTIONAL FOUL.

The glove fight between Joe Walcott, the colored lightweight champion of America, and Tom Tracey, of Cambridge, Mass., was decided in the Camden Athletic Club, Boston, Mass., recently, and ended in a very unsatisfactory way to those who put their bets on Walcott. Walcott and Tracey fought at 135 pounds according to "Police Gazette" rules for a purse. Tracey was seconded by Percy Kerrigan, Aleck Greggains and his brother Jake. Jack Havlin, Tommy Connolly and Harry Daly were behind Walcott, and Tom O'Rourke was near by to give him a word of advice.

They met once in a four round bout, and though Walcott had all the best of that contest, it was declared a draw. He was therefore, the favorite, and was expected to win in short order.

The men shook hands at 9:30 and Tracey was the first to lead, a left for the wind, but missed. A second later he landed his left on Walcott's face. Walcott then mixed matters and forced Tracey to a corner and during the infighting, Walcott had all the best of it. The referee ordered them to break and Walcott went after Tracey. They clinched, Tracey holding with both hands while Walcott played a tattoo on Tracey's ribs and wind with both hands. They were ordered to break again and after doing so Walcott got close to Tracey and delivered his left stomach blow. Tracey went to his corner and claimed that he had been hit below the belt and could not continue. His seconds claimed a foul and a general wrangle ensued. It was a question whether a foul had been committed or whether Tracey stopped.

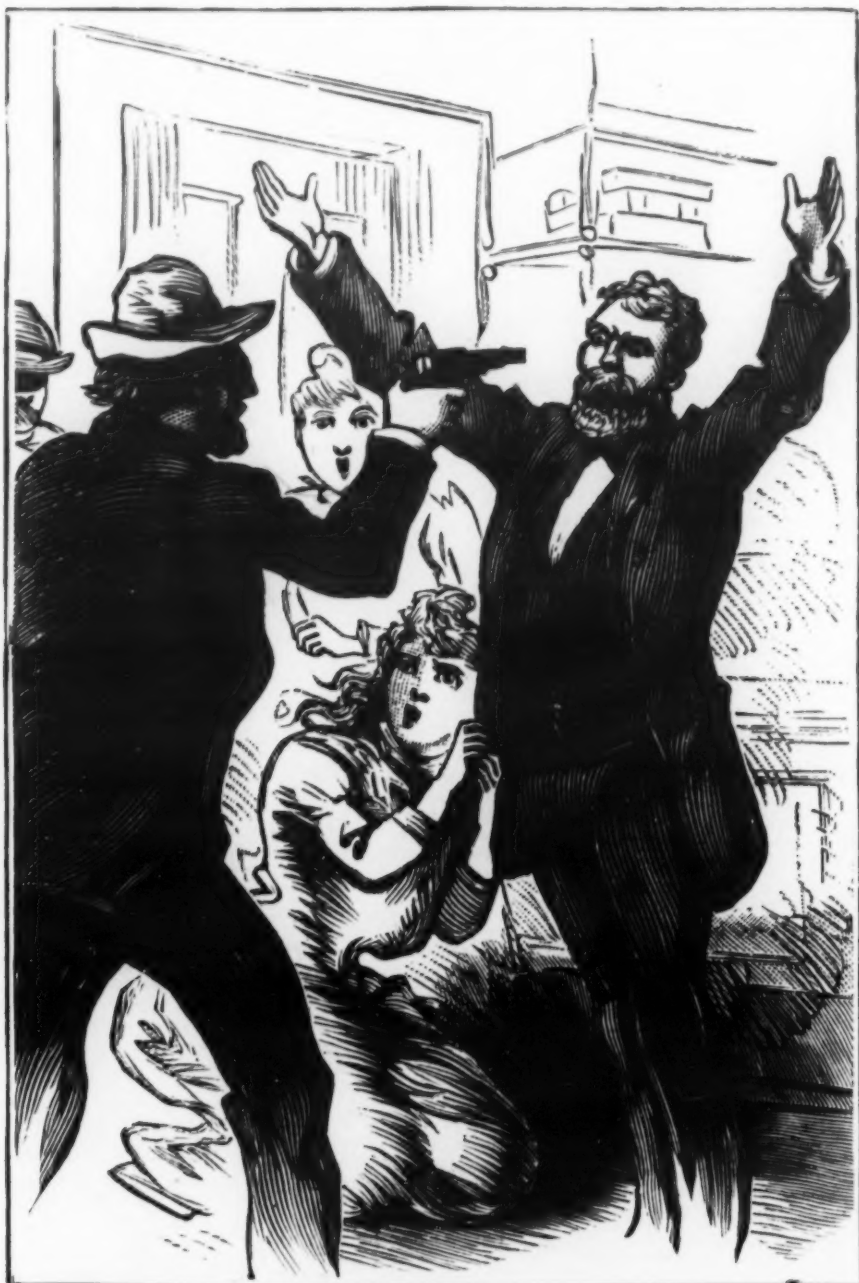
Walcott, if he did foul Tracey, did not do it intentionally.

The referee reserved his decision and made the following statement: "Walcott certainly did hit Tracey in the groin, but I do not think it was intentional. An unintentional foul, if it does not injure, I would overlook, but if it should injure a man's chances of winning it would stand as a foul. Therefore I have deferred my decision in order to ascertain if in the opinion of physicians Tracey was incapacitated from continuing, or whether he used the fact that the blow had been delivered as an opportunity to quit."

It is doubtful if the prize fight between Jack Brady and Tom Brody will be allowed at Vaparaian, Ind. A special force of deputies has been appointed by Sheriff Stoddard to arrest the fighters.

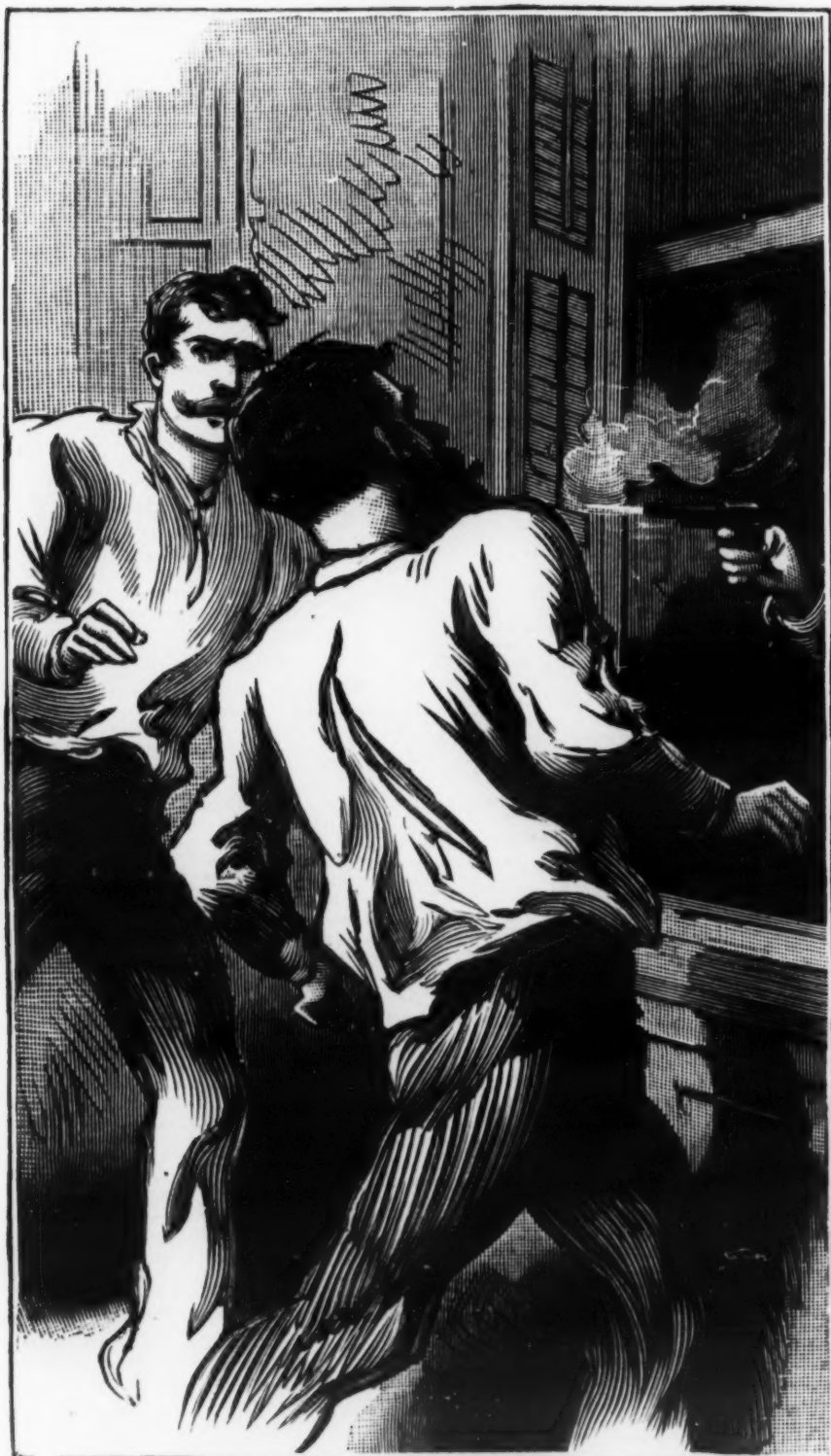
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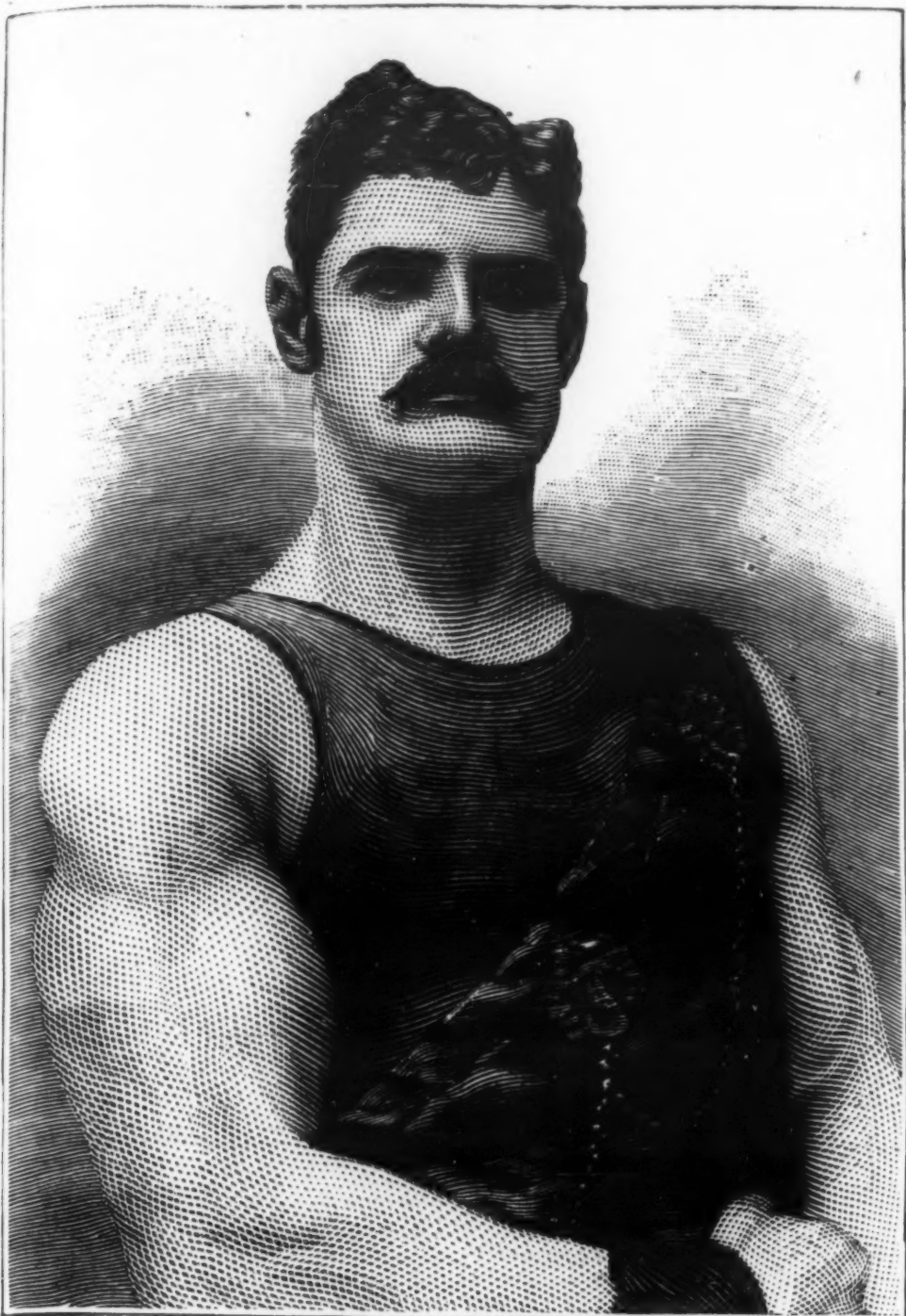
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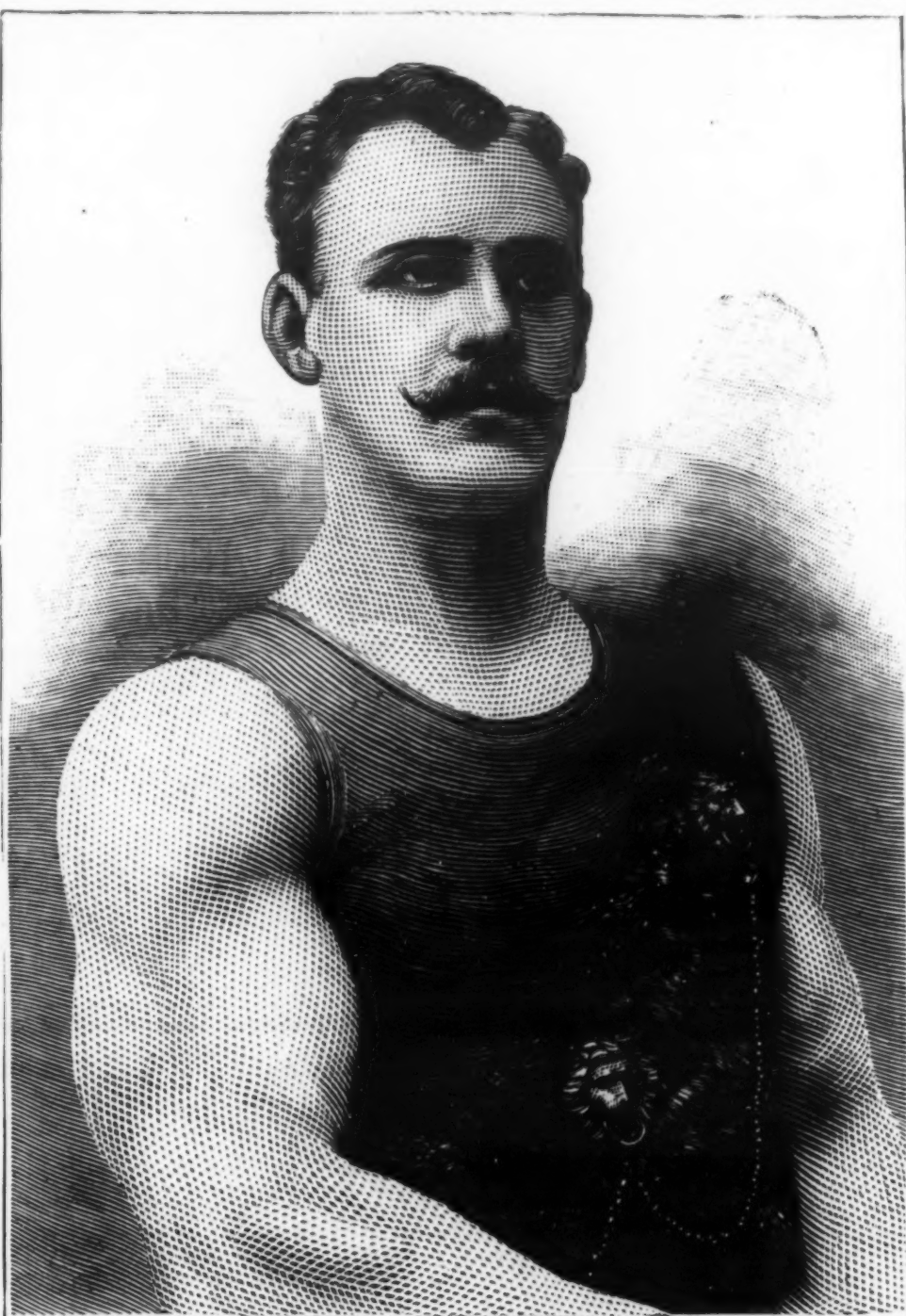
AND THE KICKING IS GRAPHICALLY DESCRIBED IN A ST. LOUIS, MO., COURT ROOM, IN AN INTERESTING SUIT AGAINST HER DIVORCED HUSBAND.





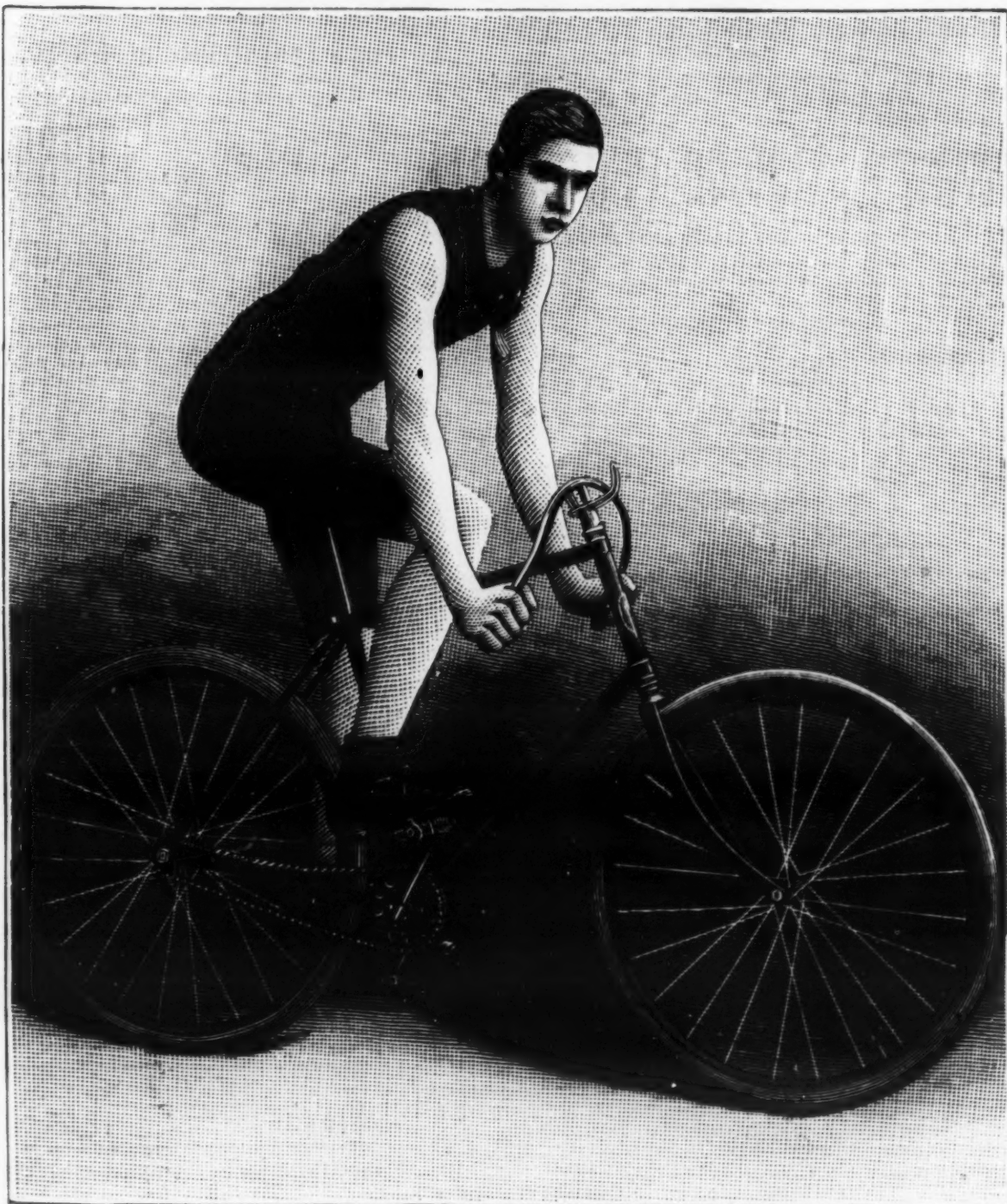
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